REYNARDINE

The SON of

Reynard the Fox,

Or a Pleasant

HISTORY

OF HIS

LIFE and DEATH.

Full of Variety, *&c.* And may fitly be applied to the Late Times;

Now Published for the Reformation of Mens Manners.

Raro antecedentem Scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo.

LONDON,

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The SHIFTS of
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TO THE
READER.

I *Confess my self but a Foile to the Lustre of the first Author of the Delectable History of* Reynard the FOX: *And tho perhaps I may (by some) be thought equal, or not much inferiour to him that writ the Continuation, or Second Part of that History: Yet I dare not presume to present my self as worthy to be compared with other* Parabolick or Romantick *Writers of this Age; least I justly undergo the same Censure with him, to whom* Appelles *tartly said,* Ne Sutor ultra Crepidem. *Therefore I here offer the present Work (such as it is) not garnished with Eloquence, but rurally habited, to the view of All: well knowing that a Clown is as well pleased with a Cock's Feather in his Cap, as a Young* Gentleman *with a costly Plume. For every one gives his estimate of Things,*

not indeed as they are in themselves, but as his Capacity is, either dilated, or constringed. If this my Labour yield pleasure and delight to the Readers, I have my End; if otherwise, I am not the first that hath proved himself a Fool in Print. Yet, because such Books as these are more frequently read by Persons of mean Understanding, than by Men of sound Judgment; I have good Reason to expect, either less Censure, or more Praise than I deserve. However the matter is, I shall not much trouble my self: for Praise, or Dispraise affects not him, who regards neither. Yet, that I may not give too great Occasion of Reprehension; I am willing to satisfie the Reader, that as the perusal of the First Part of Reynard the FOX, *is necessary for understanding the Continuation or Second Part; so the perusal of both is no less needful for the better understanding of several Passages in this following* History of Reynardine *the Son of* Reynard.

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The SHIFTS of RAYNARDINE The SON of REYNARD the FOX, OR AN HISTORY OF HIS LIFE and DEATH.

The INTRODUCTION, for the better understanding of the following History.

After Reynard the Fox his Treason, when he fled early in the Morning to his Castle of Malepandus, he no sooner there entred, but called to him his Two Sons, Volpus and Reynardine, to whom he thus spake: Sons I am now by proper Experience too sensible of the mutability of Mundane Affairs; Fortune, which so lately was, and for a long time had been my greatest Friend, is now become my mortal Foe; suddenly changing her love into hatred: and when I trusted her most, she most deceived me. The Instruments by her used, were those two perfidious Lords, Sly-look the Panther, and Firrapel the Libbard, who most Traiterously betrayed me and

all mine. Them therefore you shall hate unto Death, and persecute during Life. Which the better to effect, you shall be supplied with Store of Wealth, equally to be divided between you Two after my Decease. In the mean time, I would have you to reserve it for me, and not to diminish ought thereof, till you shall be certainly assured of my Death. The Countrey wherein I would have this Treasure lodged, is called the Province of Longwood (which is about five days Journey from this place) there shall you conceal the same, and your selves, in a Cave, which the Guide I shall send with you will shew you, until you be certainly assured of my Estate and Condition, whether living or dead. The Treasure is bound up in Ten Fardels, which ten able Servitors shall carry for you; when you, by Information of the Guide shall be come within a Stones cast of the Cave, dismiss the Servitors, sending them home, that they may know nothing of your Intent. Then, when you are assured they are gone far away from thence, do you (with the Guides help) carry all the Fardels into the Cave, and when all are safely lodged there, kill the Guide suddenly, that no Tales may be told. Having said this, he immediately called for the Guide and Ten Servitors, three days before appointed to be ready to Travel whensoever he should give command, and spake to them thus: Sirs I would have you Ten each of you to take up one of these Fardels, and go along with this your Guide and my two Sons into the Province of Longwood, and at your return I will take care that you shall be all very well rewarded. Travel not after Sun-rise, but rest until Sun-set, and all Night Travel until Sun-rise; and continuing this course of Travelling Nightly until you come to your Journeys end, which will be in four or five days at farthest. You have now almost an

hours

hours space till Sun-rise, improve that time to get into some Wood or Grove, as far from our Castle as you can; and there resting conceal your selves till Sun-set; then proceed in your Journey as I said. Having given this Instruction, he dismissed them with Tears, heartily wishing his Sons (whom he never saw more) a more lasting and durable continuance of Fortunes Favours than he had found. Upon this they departed, and Reynard the Fox ascending his Castle Walls, looked after them, till they were gone out of sight. What became of Reynard afterward, is not our purpose here to shew, because that is plainly enough declared in the Continuation, or Second Part of the History of Reynard the Fox long since published: Our business here is only to Discourse of the Life and Death of Raynardine the Son of Reynard the Fox, his Brother Volpus (soon after they came into the Province of Longwood) being killed, as the First Chapter of this Book immediately following, clearly shews.

CHAP. I.

Raynardine the *Fox* and his Brother *Volpus* enter the Province of *Longwood* with their Fathers Treasure; they are discovered, the Treasure taken from them, and *Volpus* killed by the Robbers.

AFter Reynardine and his Brother Volpus, with their Guide and Servants were come into the Province of Longwood, as near to the intended Cave (by the Guides Information) as their Father had wished them to go, they dismiss all the Ten Servitors, with great and infinite Promises of Wealth to be heaped on them by the extraordinary Gratitude of their good Father (of whose desperate Condition they the

ſaid Servitors knew nothing) promiſing well to reward them when they returned. Of which Reward (knowing nothing) they nothing doubted. The Sons having thus diſmiſſed them, accoſt their Guide in this manner: Sir, our Father left you as our Patron, to diſpoſe of us and his great Wealth: Therefore, we earneſtly intreat you ſpeedily, before the Sun be fully riſen upon us (for they had entred that part of the Province juſt at break of day) leaſt we and our wealth be diſcovered, to diſpoſe both of us and it in that large and uninhabited Cave you promiſed our Father to ſhew us. To this the Guide thus anſwered: Sirs, the Cave is at hand, and there is not only Room enough for your ſelves and Treaſure, but for forty or fifty Camels and their Burthens alſo, if occaſion were to uſe them. To this Reynardine (being wiſer than his Brother) thus replied, Sir, I pray conceit us not either Fools or Fatuates, lead us to the place you ſpeak of, and there ſhall you find a moſt noble Reward; for you are not left to expect our Fathers uncertain Bounty, but the Bounty of two Brothers, who (neither by Labour of themſelves, nor by Induſtry of Strangers) but by the greateſt of Paternal Obligations are inriched with infinite Treaſures, and thereby rendred moſt capable to reward you or any other (living) in your degree with ample Riches. Doubt nothing of our Integrity, but ſuddenly lodge both us and our Treaſure in the Cave you ſpeak of. To this the Guide ſaid, Sirs, you are great Lords, and I am but a mean Servant of yours: I pray therefore be mindful of your promiſe to me, and I will immediately ſatisfie your deſire. To this Volpus (more raſhly than wiſely ſaid) Do you queſtion our Honeſty? The Guide thus repli'd, No Sirs, but blame me not, if I requeſt to know whether you will immediately give me ſome part of your Treaſure,

ſure, or refer me to a further time. For if you refer me to a further time, I cannot but doubt the ſequel: becauſe I have reaſon to judge you cannot want a vaſt number of Enemies, and if my ſatisfaction be delayed till that time, what recompence I ſhall then find, I cannot tell. Here Raynardine interpoſing, ſaid, Friend, you ſhall immediately (as ſoon as we and our Treaſures are lodged in the Cave) be rewarded with a Twentieth part thereof, by which you may live ſplendidly all your days; either in Company of us, or by your ſelf, as you pleaſe: doth this Content you? The Guide ſaid Yes: and immediately brought them and their Treaſures into the Cave, out of which he never returned, for they preſently ſtrangled him (with one of the Cords wherewith the Fardels were bound) as their Father gave Command, and having ſtrangled him, caſt out his dead Body to be devoured by Crows, or whatſoever other Bird or Beaſt would taſte thereof; themſelves ſcorning to Bury the ſame: But this this was the the occaſion of the loſs of their whole Treaſure and the Death of Volpus. About fifteen days after this Murder, they heard by certain Travellers that had been in the Kingdom of Feraria * of the demoliſhing their Fathers Caſtle, his Execution, and their own Banithment for ever, upon pain of Death, if they at any time returned. At the hearing of this, they being both aſtoniſhed, ſtood for ſome time mute: but at length Volpus breaking ſilence, thus ſaid, If this be true (Brother mine) as undoubtedly it is, becauſe ſpoken by Strangers that know us not, It will be time for us to divide the Treaſure. Raynardine Anſwered, No, Brother, it is not convenient to do ſo as yet, let us rather remove it further into this Countrey, and nearer the Wood * it ſelf. To this Volpus agreed, but would have it firſt divided: To which Raynardine

An evil Reward for ſo great a benefit.

* The Kingdom wherein *Raynard* the Fox had been ſo highly advanced, and lived and died in.

* *Longwood*, whence that Province hath its name.

mardine (tho unwillingly) consented; when they had by Lot divided the Treasure, each went to seek a Commodious place to hide his five Parcels, which having found to their content, they agreed to help each other to carry, stow, and lodge early on the morrow, till both their shares were concealed to their minds, and after that to consider how to bestow the same in purchasing some great Lordships, or else some beneficial Office or Offices, that they might for the future live like themselves, as they then said. But alas, a sudden unlucky Accident marrs all. The smell of their Guides stinking Carcass, by the Wind far dispersed through the Air, attracted to it self many Ravenous Birds, among whom was Corbant the Rook (an old Enemy of Raynards Family) who seeing them removing their Treasure, ascended a Tree, from whence she could easily discern all they did, and whither they went: For she knew them, but they neither knew nor mistrusted her. Therefore, when she had observed them to lodge their Treasure (in ten distinct Burthens) in two Caves but little distant each from other; away flew she to a small Grove, about Two Furlongs from the Wood it self. There she saw Savage the Bear; Truculent the Tyger, and Versute the Panther, who were met on purpose to go forth on Hunting that Morning. These she thus Saluted: Noble Sirs, I come to bring you good Tidings. Into this Countrey are lately come Raynards two Sons, who have but just now hid in Two several Caves on the South side of the Wood, a very great Treasure (as I suppose) in Ten Parcels. Raynards Sons! said Savage the Bear, are they the Sons of the great Lord Raynard of Foraria? Yes, quoth Corbant. Then said he, Assuredly they are very Rich, let us go and take away

away their Wealth. Here Verſute the Panther, interrupting ſaid: It can in no wiſe be for our profit to go in the day time about ſuch a Work; let us ſtay till Night, when all the Inhabitants of the Wood are at reſt, then may we act ſecurely: For doing otherwiſe, we ſhall have too many Partners. 'Tis true indeed, ſaid Truculent, Night is only fit for ſuch Attempts. Hereupon they all agreed, and promiſed Corbant to give her a full Tenth of all they found, if ſhe would ſhew them the true Place, and they ſhould take Poſſeſſion of the ſame ſuppoſed Treaſure. To this ſhe gladly conſented, and accordingly appointed them to meet her in the ſame Grove in the Evening, an hour before Sun-ſet, promiſing then to conduct them to their deſired Riches. Here they part, and meet again in the Evening at the time and place appointed. The Caves they are plainly ſhewed by Corbant, but agree to enter neither of them till the cloſure of the day. Corbant takes her leave, promiſing to return for her part in the Morning. When Night was come they firſt enter Raynardines Cave, and take away all they find. Raynardine ſaw them, and made his eſcape out of the Cave through a private paſſage: but when they came to the Cave, in which Volpus and his Treaſure were, the ſaid Volpus (inſtead of flying to ſave his Life, as his Brother Raynardine had done) in great fury bites the Bear by the Noſe the Bear crying out for pain, the Tyger came to his reſcue, kills the Fox, and in a rage hurls him out of the Cave. Then they take away his Treaſure alſo, carrying all into the Wood. Raynardine ſeeing and hearing all this, immediately flies for his Life. Him we leave in his flight, and proceed to ſhew

No Robberies can ſo ſafely be committed by Day as by Night.

Covetous Men will endanger their Life to ſave their Riches, dearer to them than Life it ſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How *Savage* the Bear, *Truculent* the Tyger, and *Versute* the Panther, in dividing their ſtolen Treaſure, fall together by the Ears about the Crown found amongſt other things. *Noble* the Lyon hearing the Noiſe fairly appeaſeth the Tumult, but takes the Crown away with him.

WHen all the Parcels were carried into the Wood, Night favouring their Enterpriſe, no other Light appearing then what Dame Cynthia (tho then in her greateſt Splendour) could at times and by intervals dart in through the Denſe Boughs of that huge Wood (Sixty Furlongs in length) they begin to divide their Booty with great ſilence, and ſeeming content, tho not very well affected each to other: For (being neither Merchants nor Jewellers) they underſtood not the true Value of any thing they ſaw or handled; nevertheleſs each thought his fellows part better than his own. However they quietly proceed until a very fair Crown of Gold enriched with many and divers Jems (of value almoſt inеſtimable) preſented it ſelf to ſight. This being ſeen, ſuddenly changed the Scene. For every one coveted it, all would have it, and by that means all were compelled to loſe the ſame. The Bear firſt ſaid, Sirs the Antiquity and Nobleneſs of my Family is not unknown to you, if you ſhall therefore think me worthy to poſſeſs this Crown, I will in lieu thereof give to you the full Value, to be divided between you out of my ſhare. Here the Tyger interrupting ſaid, It is well known that my Family is neither leſs Noble nor leſs Ancient, but rather more Noble than yours; therefore I may (by better Right) claim the Crown for

Baſe Men do ſometimes aſpire to Sovereignty upon the leaſt probability of means correſpondent to that end. As is plainly here evident by the Bear, Tyger and Panther.

for my self. The Panther hearing this, said: To boast of the Nobleness or Antiquity of our Ancestors is vain and absurd. To whom the gods have given greatest strength and beauty of Body, to them is Sovereignty and Dominion over others also given. Therefore this Crown I take my self, as the proper Bounty of Fortune to me only, not to you in the least: for I am the strongest and most beautiful. Having said this, he set the Crown upon his own head. The Bear and Tyger seeing this, suddenly in a Rage fall upon him; the Panther retired a little back, took the Crown from his head, and set it on the Ground, and then began a fierce fray against them both; which was continued with great fury and noise. Noble the Lyon hearing this Hubbub, with eight or ten Attendants, hasted to the place, where by the Light of the Moon he plainly saw the Crown, which he took up and set upon his Head; then spake to the Combatants thus: What means this Outrage and Tumult at so unseasonable a time of Night? If this Uproar come to my Fathers (the Governour's) ear, I fear it will tend to your detriment. So soon as he began to speak, they ceased Fighting, and plainly enough saw the Crown (by them striven for) on his Head; but no one of them durst dispute how he came by it. This sight ended their strife and contention, and they (by Nobles perswasion) being suddenly become Friends, presenting the said Noble a Chain of Gold, so pleased him, that he promised, if they would be peaceable for the future, this Nights Outrage should be forgot and forgiven. They humbly thank him, hoping he would deliver them the Crown, but he took it away with him.

CHAP. III.

Raynerdine having escaped the Robbers, goes into the Kingdom of *Zalap*, where he contracts Amity with *Bracket* the Badger; whose Council he takes, and goes on Pilgrimage towards the Monastery of *Maurron*.

RAynardine having made his Escape as you have heard, the very next Morning left the Province of Longwood, and (as soon as he could) entred the Kingdom of Zalap, a Country chiefly inhabited by Men. Here he was often in danger of his Life by Hunters, and once an Hunting Dog had certainly seized him, had he not suddenly pist in his Tail and strook it into the Dogs Eyes, and so escaped. Therefore he bewailed his sad condition, which was so much the more deplorable, because he had neither Friend nor Counsellour, until his good hap was to meet with Brocket the Badger, who (after Salutations and some small Acquaintance) soon taught him how to secure himself from sudden danger: For he shewed him all the Byways, secret Caves, and under-ground Passages, near about the place where he was; saying, all this Kingdom over are such secret Recesses, By-ways, and Passages, which necessity (the mother of Invention) hath taught us to make. Otherwise there was no living here. For the Men of this Country no sooner take a Beast, but they either kill him presently, or make him their Slave. Dogs here are also Slaves, but their Slavery is better than ordinary, going at large whither they will, only their obsequiousness to their Masters is such, that they come running at a Whistle or Call; and then,

By the Badger here, and throdgh the whole course of this History, it shewed the Nature of a faithful Friend.

then if their Masters do but point at any of my Kindred or Yours, as at an Hare or Coney, or the like, they will presently run upon us and kill us to be sure if they can. Here Raynardine interrupting said: These are Hunting Dogs (I perceive) you speak of; I had certainly been killed by one of them, had I not nimbly put in my Tail and stopt it in his Eyes. Yes, Cosin Raynardine, quoth Brocker, they are so. The other Dogs commonly called House-Dogs, are very serviceable to Men, and not so injurious to us. For those Dogs choose rather to assail Men than Beasts, especially if the Men be Thieves. These Dogs are commonly chained up all day (therefore in the day time we need not fear them) and at Night have their liberty, and are then very serviceable to their Masters for defence of their Houses, and all that appertains to them. Yet beside these two sorts of Dogs, there are a third sort, small of Growth, and therefore called Whifling Curs; these contrary to the former, have their liberty all the day to range where they please; but, when Night comes they are shut up in their Masters House, where with their bawling and yelping they sometimes discover the approach of Thieves: Sometimes they have the privilege to lye upon a Pillow, and sometimes lie in their Mistrises Bosomes, nay sometimes between the Sheets, in the very Bed with their Master and Mistris. And call you this Slavery (said Raynardine) if this be Slavery, what is Freedom? To this Brocker replied, Slaves too often approach their Masters Bed. Good Cosin Brocker, quoth Raynardine, tell me what other Beasts are here in Slavery. Are not (said Brocker) all Horses, Camels and Asses perfect Slaves, do you not how they drudge daily, what hard Burthens they carry, and how men follow them continually with Whips to make them mend their pace? Are not Oxen also forced to

draw Waynes and other Carriages? are not Foxes (your own Kindred) daily seen chained in the Court-Yards of great Hens Houses? From which Chaine they can never be freed during Life. And if they cannot be taken alive by some Stratagem, they are presently killed in the place by those Hunting Dogs before spoken of. If it be thus Cosin (said Raynardine) I now plainly perceive I go in danger of my Life every moment, is there no way to swear the peace against them? Here the Badger laughing, said, Nay Cosin Raynardine, to what Justice will you go here to take such an Oath? If you should go your self before a Justice (Justices here, being all Hen not Beasts, are bound by the Rules of their own Laws to defend Hen against all Beasts, whether Humane or Animal, they accounting Thieves, Robbers, and Murtherers, tho Hen in shape, yet Beasts in Act) that Justice will be sure to apprehend you, and if he make you not his Slave, certainly kill you. Yet you may safely enough live here, if you will carefully look to your self, and make it your business to learn the most ready way of passing in and out of those subterranean Passages I before spake of, some of which I have already shewed and more will I discover to you, if you think good to abide in this Country; but if you be otherwise minded, I am ready to give you the best Advice I can. I heartily thank you good Cosin) quoth the Fox, your Advice I chiefly need. I see no safety in staying here, nor in returning into the Province of Longwood, where I know my life is sought; some other Country would please me better, especially for a time, till I have gained greater Experience in the Affairs of this World, being at present young and unexpert. You speak well, said the Badger; if you be disposed to Travel, I like it well. Travel sometimes learns sutty

Younkers, as you, Experience: Are you minded to enter into Religious Orders? There you may have your Belly full of Victuals, good Lodging and Cloathing convenient, if you can bear that austerity of Life which I never could well approve of, tho 'tis tolerable enough. Austerity of Life, Cousin quoth the Fox) sustain I not now, living always in fear of sudden Death or perpetual Slavery, a greater austerity of Life then I can be exposed to in any Religious Order whatsoever? Nay Cousin, said Brocket, I but promise the worst. If you like a Religious Life, I will endeavour the best I can to direct you to a Monastery, where (if you prudently act) you may undoubtedly be admitted: but it will be at least ten days Journey, the greatest part of which way, I purpose to guide you. I humbly thank you, said Raynardine, direct me but thither, and I shall be bound to serve you during life; the greatness of the Journey, or any other Obstacle (if Fortune will but favour my Enterprize) shall be no hindrance to me. If this be your Resolution Cousin, said the Badger, on the morrow early we will begin our Journey, you going all the way in form of a Pilgrim, and I as your Guide; we may both securely Travel any whither: But if the worst come to the worst, and any danger be suspected from those unruly Currs (called Hunting Dogs) before spoken of, our retiring into some of the Caves and Recesses I well know, will certainly prevent all dangers. Here the Fox said, But Cousin I have no Pilgrims Weed, how then shall I be known to be a Pilgrim? O Cousin, said Brocket, take no thought for that, here died a Pilgrim lately, whose habit I have, that shall serve. Raynardine hearing this, thanked the Badger, and having rested with him all Night, began his Pilgrimage, on the morrow early, in which we leave him, intending to speak further of the Crown before mentioned. CHAP.

Here by the Fox 'tis apparent that Interest is the principal motive to pretence of Religion, in wicked Men. For, as *Chap.*

CHAP. IV.

Noble the Lyon Presents the Crown he had taken to *Magnificent* his Father, who receives it unwillingly, commands it to be lock'd up, and never worn by his Son or his Posterity. *Magnificent* dies, and *Noble* succeeds, &c.

NOble the Lyon, the next Morning after he had seized to himself the Crown, found amongst Raynards Treasure, presents the same Crown to his Father Magnificent (Governour of the Province of Longwood) thus speaking: Great Sir, This Badge of Sovereignty, found last Night in this very Wood, is not fit to be possessed by any other then your self, therefore here I humbly lay the same at your (now Majesties Feet.) His Father hearing his Words and seeing the Crown, at first by his Countenance discovered both Griefe and Anger, and afterward passionately uttered the following Words: Who could have thought, that I, who for so many years have Governed this Province, in serenity of Days, Peace, and continued Plenty, should now in my Old Age, through the Ambition of those that have issued from my Bowels (especially of you my Son, from whose thoughts I judged Ambition to be always furthest) see, or at least know of the infallible and inevitable Ruin, not only of my whole Posterity, but of this Province also. You think you expose to my view a pleasing Object, but alas, I never saw a more dreadful sight; therefore bear it from my Presence, and (now 'tis so unluckily here) bury it in the most secret part of all my Lodging, or rather lock it up safe for the Hands of that most

moſt unfortunate Prince, who ſhall be ſo proudly ambitious as to ſet the ſame upon his own head. For it was prophefied long before you were born (tho always reſerved by me as a ſecret, not to be revealed till the hour of my Death) that whenſoever this Province ſhall become a Kingdom, the King and Kingdom ſhould ſuddenly be ruined. I have a great reaſon to believe this, becauſe the ſame Prediction ſaid, The Crown (that would occaſion the Deſtruction of my Poſterity) ſhould be preſented to my ſight before my Death. Therefore Son I here charge you, by all the Obligations of Paternal Obedience, never to wear this Crown during Life, nor permit your Self, Children, or Succeſſors (if poſſible) to be impoſed upon by any to aſſume Regal Power. This did Noble promiſe to obſerve inviolably all his days; and then (according to his Fathers Command) lock'd up the Crown, returning the Key to his Father; who died not long after. Him Noble the Lyon ſucceeded in the Government, and according to his Promiſe, would neither wear the Crown, nor aſſume any Royal Title. This diſpleaſed his Brother Haughty the Lyon, not a little; yet he diſſembled his Diſpleaſure for a time, until after Conſultation with Truculent the Tyger, Verſute the Panther, Savage the Bear, and ſome other of the moſt potent Beaſts of that Province, no leſs ambitious than himſelf, he had perſwaded them joyntly to petition Noble, their preſent Governour, either to aſſume the Title of King and wear the Crown, which was undoubtedly (ſay they) for that end preſented to him by their great goddeſs Fortune; or elſe, if he in his Wiſdom thought it not good ſo to do, to deliver the ſame to the three Part-owners thereof, to be broken to pieces, and equally divided between them. When this Petition was drawn up and preſented to

the

the Governour, he put them off with mild Words, saying, He would take time to consider of the matter, and after mature Deliberation return them his Answer. But he delaying this, longer then was expected, his Brother Haughty apprehended he too well understood his Interest to deliver up the Crown; and therefore 'twould be in vain to solicite him further thereabout; and his not assuming the Title of King, he imputed either to timerousness or obstinacy; or rather because he at present had no Son, and if he soon after his Coronation should die, the Crown must necessarily fall to himself, whom he supposed his Brother Noble envied that Honour. Therefore he resolved to purchase the Crown, he so ambitiously desired, by Treason; and so lay the Foundation of his future Kingdom in his Brothers Blood. Which accordingly he effected at a Solemn Feast, in which he treacherously kills his Brother, and after that assumed the Title of King, wore the Crown, and Insignized all the Partners of his Treason with Noble and Honourable Titles. Thus he founded his Kingdom in Blood, but held not the Reward of his Fraticide above 30 days, he and all his being by Fire and Sword utterly destroyed, according to the before mentioned Prediction. The particulars of this Destruction is not to our purpose here to relate, therefore we omit it, and proceed in our intended History.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Reynardine coming to the *Monastery* of *Manton*, is charitably lodged for Three days; then permitted to abide a Months probation, and afterward received into Orders.

THe Ninth day, about Noon, Brocket the Bagder had brought Reynardine the Fox in his Pilgrims habit, to the borders of the Dutchy of Manton, when there, the Badger spake to the Fox thus: Now Cosin Reynardine we are just ready to enter the Countrey, wherein that Monastery I promised to direct you to, is situated. We have now but one easie days Journey to it, if I mistake not; I will keep you company so far, as until we come within Sight of the same, afterward commit you to Fortune. I humbly thank you said Reynardine, you have shewed me more than Common Kindness, if Fortune ever prosper my Endeavours, I will fully recompence the same. Having said this, they rest themselves a while, and afterwards proceed on their Journey: That Night they lay in the Dutchy of Manton, and on ye Morrow, an hour before Noon, came within Ten Furlongs of the Monastery. There Brocket the Badger, with many good Wishes left Reynardine, and returned into the Kingdom of Zalap; that Evening Reynardine proceeds on his way, and was by a soft pace got to the Monastery Gate a little before Dinner time: Here he was about to knock, but was prevented by the Subprior, who had just then opened the Gate: who seeing a Pilgrim stand there, presently demanded of what Countrey he was and what had moved him to undertake that Pilgrimage? Reynardine was glad of this opportunity of Speech, said, Reverend Sir I am a poor Pilgrim,

Self-ended Persons pretend Religion for the Advancement of their Interest only.

come from the Kingdom of Feraria, above thirty days Journey from this place, moved hereunto by the fame of your great Devotion, of which I am extreamly desirous to be an Ear and Eye-witness: For I see nothing in this World worthy to be delighted in, except Religion only; for the love of which I have undertaken this long and perilous Journey, and more could I gladly suffer to be made partaker of so great a Benefit, as you (most devout Persons) through the favour of the gods continually enjoy. You speak well, said the Sub-prior, come in, here you shall have Three days of Entertainment on free cost (for such is the Charity of this House to all Pilgrims) during that time you will have the opportunity of seeing, hearing, and observing the Rules and Government of our whole Order. Reynardine humbly thanked him, and immediately followed him into the House: But just as he entred, Grimlook the Mastiff (Porter of the Gate) would have fallen foul of the Fox, had not the Sub-prior severely chid him, and so restrained his malice. When they were gone in some distance from the Gate, the Subprior turning to Reynardine, said, This is always the churlish nature of our Porter, to snarle at and assail every Stranger that enters: This we could easily redress, but are not willing, because we esteem it a necessary Tryal for all Pilgrims coming hither, that they may hence learn, that the way to rest and quiet repose, is always attended with danger and trouble. To prevent this for the future, your only way is now after Dinner, and so at every Meal time, to pick up some of the Bones that are left, and give them to the Porter, who will by that means be your continual Friend. Reynardine failed not to observe this Order, all the time he lived in that Monastery, and so made Grimlook his constant Friend. When he was brought into the Hall to Dinner, many of the Monks asked him the like Question as the Subprior had done; to whom he gave the same

same Answer he did to him; that he might not be found in two Tales. During these three Days he very well observed all they did, and seemed above measure, delighted with their Devotion and Order of Living. This seeming content of Reynardine, was as well observed by those Monks who were appointed by the Prior himself, diligently to note his Carriage and Behaviour during that time: Who therefore asked Reynardine (as they had been before instructed by the Prior) how he liked their Order, and whether he could content himself to Live as they did? To this the Fox answered, Worthy Sirs, I like your Order so well, that if I might be thought worthy to be admitted the meanest Member thereof, I should esteem it the greatest Happiness of Life, and the best of Blessings. They hearing this, told him he could in no wise be admitted there, unless he first underwent a Months Probation: After that, he might have admittance upon such and such Conditions as should be then proposed to him. To this he answered, if I may be admitted, I shall gladly undergo a Months Probation, and no Conditions (whatsoever they be) shall hinder my firm Resolution of being a true and constant Observant in all that shall be enjoyned me: For I do from henceforth piously resolve totally to abandon this wicked World, and all the Deceits and Devices thereof; & solemnly promise to live a chast, peaceable, and unblameable Life all my Days. They hearing him thus speak, brought him before the Prior: who said, Reynardine I have heard you desire Admittance into this our Religious Order; which (if your future Behaviour be such, as thus far it hath been) I doubt not, but 'twill be granted you; yet, that you may not afterwards say, you wist not what you did, when you entred or made your Vow of Chastity, Obedience, and you shall have a Months time for your further Probation, that if either you dislike us,

or the strictness of our Order, or we have cause to dislike you; we may fairly part without further trouble. Here the Fox bowing low to the Prior, said, Most Reverend Lord Prior, I hope neither your Lordship, nor any of this Fraternity, shall ever find Cause of dislike in me during Life: for I have not rashly, but deliberately determined never more to embrace, love, adore, or follow the World; never more to be taken, delighted, or affected with the Riches, Pomp, and Vanity of the same; nor ever to lead other than a Sober, Chast, Pious and Religious Life. You speak very well said the Prior, go your way and do accordingly. So the Fox all the time of his Month's Probation shewed himself a more strict Observant of all their Ceremonies, than any of them. Also, at Hours appointed he would always be first in the Chappel, and the last that should come out: Besides him none were so seemingly Devout, nor should any of them mumble over more Prayers than he. Holding this Course till his Month was almost expired, the Subprior told him, that three or four days after there would be a Convocation held for his admittance him, and then it was expected he should make an Oration; of which he thought good to advertise him, that he might have time to premeditate what he intended then to speak. The Fox humbly thanked him for his so courteous Advertisement, promising to use his utmost endeavour not to fail their Expectation. On the Fourth day a Convocation was held, and Reynardine at his Admittance into Orders spake as follows.

CHAP. VI.

CHAP. VI.

The *Fox's* Oration to the *Prior*, *Subprior*, and *Senior Monks* when he was admitted. His Office appointed him, and Behaviour therein. His Theft discovered, and Penance enjoyned.

MOst Reverend Lord Prior, Reverend Subprior, and you the venerable Seniors of this Sacred Fraternity, my honoured Father Reynard the Fox (late Lord Chief Baliff of the Kingdom of Feraria) of happy Memory, through his own too great Ambition, falling into an eminent danger that proved his Ruin, sedulously endeavoured to retrieve all by some notable Exploit; but in vain. For after he had attempted as an Addition to his Grandeur, to usurp the Soveraignty of that Kingdom; though he might easily have escaped (when his Treason was discovered) he would notwithstanding stay and abide the Brunt, hoping by future Marineſs to escape out of that Labyrinth of Peril into which he had so unwarily plung'd himself: but so doing lost both Life and Fortunes. This brought to my mind that Verſicle of Ovid, I learned of my Tutor.

Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

A Saying worthy of Note, for Marineſs to shun that harm we our selves have once received; and into which we have too unwarily precipited our selves, is unseasonable, fruitleſs, and nothing worth. My Father using like Caution, found the same too true by woful Experience. My Brother also, tho (when we were both assailed by Robbers) he saw me warily to eſchew the danger of Death by flight, did unwarily assault the Assaulters,

saulters, and so lost his Life. This I was willing to mention before so noble an Auditory, that it might be known I had sufficient Reason of deserting the World, and distrusting the treacherous and uncertain Favors of Fortune. Could I have safely brought my Wealth hither, as I intended, I had offered all here to Charitable uses; which would have been to me a great solace and delight: but 'tis otherwise. Therefore the true reason of this my desired retirement, is the observance of the great Enormities, Murthers, Thefts, Rapines, and infinite other Villanies daily comitted by Persons, professing and pretending always the contrary: who condemning Murthers, daily kill; blasting Thievery with an ilname, all ways practice it; contemptibly speaking of Rapines (as sordid base Acts) never cease Ravening; commending Chastity, always study Lechery; saying, Parents ought to be honoured, in the same breath clandestinely condemn their Progenitors; hating Idleness, never labour unless to do Mischief; dispraising Lies, never speak Truth; and praising Religion hate the same; for in all my Life I never saw one truly Religious, except in this place, to which as to a sacred Anchor, and most safe Asylus, I have now at length (I hope not too late) betaken my self.

The Fox having thus ended his Oration, was with the usual Ceremonies of the House, admitted into their Order; and the Subprior with his own hands took off his Pilgrims Weed (which was laid up for a Relick) and put on him a Gown of their Order, spick and span New. Then the Prior himself said, Brother Reynardine (as now I may call you) the Rules of our House appoint every Novice or newly admitted Brother to three years Service, either in the Kitchin or Buttery, or in the Chappel or else where, before he can be taken into the Order of Senior Monks: I will not (considering your Parts

and

and Learning) appoint you to the meanest of these Services, but will put it to your Choice whether you will serve in the Buttery or in the Kitchin. To this Reynardine said, Noble Lord Prior, I account it a great Happiness to serve even in the meanest of Offices, but seeing your Lordship so highly favours me, as to put it to my Choice, I shall gladly (if I may) serve in the Kitchin rather than else where. Be it so, said the Prior; then was Reynardine commended to the Cook as one of his Assistants. For a Months space after this, the Fox so behaved himself, that he was not only praised but highly approved of by All. The Cook himself reposed so great trust in him, as he often times left the Kitchin (when he had occasion himself to go abroad) and all that was in it, to Reynardines care, not trusting any of the other Novices whom he had found always ready to pilfer and steal Meat, if he did but turn his Back. The Fox knew this as well as he, and therefore very strictly watched them, and by that means had the opportunity to steal himself; and if the Meat was at any time missed by the Cook, he would say he had always diligently watched, till he was enforced to go out to Piss or ease his Belly, and though he made all the haste he could in again, yet he should be sure to miss something when he returned, but was loath to speak of it, because he knew not who to accuse: This excuse held Water for a while, but long it could not. For, as Reynardine strictly watched the other Novices (as they came of any Errand into the Kitchen) so they had no less suspicious Eye upon him; saying each to other, this Villian Reynardine is a greater Thief than any of us; and if we cannot sometime or other take him tardy, he will be sure at length to accuse us, or some of us peculiarly by Name; but our discovering him first will prevent that danger. Accordingly they watched him, and saw him (as they said) put

a Capons

a Capons Leg in the Sleeve of his Coat, and to carry it away to his Cell, which was not far from the Kitchin. They accuse him to the Cook, who searching his Cell and not finding the same, blamed them as Thieves themselves, and Forgers of Lies upon Reynardine, purposely to hide their own Thievish Disposition: Then the Fox told the Cook that these Novices who had now so unjustly accused him, were the very persons (though he knew them not by Name) that daily pilfered one thing or other out of the Kitchin, as he was now certainly assured, seeing them all together. The Cook believed him, but they gave the Fox the Lye, affirming that he only had stole all that ever was lost, since he was admitted into their Fraternity. This was by them uttered with so great vehemency and passion, that it was not long before many of the Senior Monks heard of it, one of which acquainted the Prior therewith, who immediately sent for Reynardine, the Cook, and all the other Novices; and after a long and strict enquiry, the Cook said he daily lost Meat or Fish out of the Kitchin, both before and since Reynardines Admittance, who stole it he could not tell, he supposed the other Novices, not Reynardine. The Novices said none of them ever stole any thing, but the Fox (who was the only Thief as far as they knew) they saw carry away the Capons Leg, of which they told the Cook, who upon Search said he could not find it: Then the Cook blamed us, say they, judging us Thieves, who had Forged Lies upon Reynardine to clear our selves. But my Lord, neither the Cook nor he can prove any such thing against us. The Prior perceiving the Matter difficult and uncertain, said no more, but go your ways, let me hear no more of this. Yet in the mean while imployed a trusty Servant of his, whom he commanded to pull down a piece of the Wall of his Chamber (which abutted just upon the Kitchin)

and

and cause a Workman in building it up again, purposely to leave an hole in the new built Wall, that he himself might (through that Hole) see into the Kitchin, and not be seen by any. This was done, and the Prior himself at every Meal time dayly Watched: At length he saw Reynardine on a Fish-day, to thrust a whole Carp into his Coat, with which he was about to march off; but the Prior speedily got out at a Door near by, and seeing a Novice at hand, commanded him presently to search Reynardine; who accordingly did, and found the Carp, at the Sight of which the Novice was exceeding glad; but the Fox extreamly ashamed. After Dinner a Convocation was held, wherein at first it was agreed his Habit should be stript off, and he turned out of Doors immediately; but afterward upon his submission and promise of Amendment, he was enjoyned Pennance, which was thus: After Supper he was to be put out of the Monastery Gate, and in the Penitents Cell (which was for that use there purposely made) to abide two Nights and two Days without Food. This was intended to be Executed accordingly, and he after a full Supper (being first searched, that he carried out no Victuals with him) was turned out of the Gate into the aforesaid Cell.

CHAP. VII.

The Fox doing Penance, escapes with his Religious Habit: Reads a Lecture to a Congregation of Geese, kills two of them, and escapes; is pursued, but not taken.

REynardine the first Night seemed exceeding penitent, and so continued the next day till Noon, always reading his Prayers aloud; but when Dinner time was fully come, and Dinner almost ended, seeing nothing drop over the Walls (as he constantly hoped) and being extreamly pinched with Hunger, he resolved to take the opportunity of that time to make his escape. Accordingly, fetching a Compass about, he purposed to run to the further side of an Hill, which stood right against the Monastery Gate, where being come, he espied many Geese sporting themselves in a large Pond at the foot of the Hill on that side. Before the Fox would go near them, he sought out a retiring place for himself; which being there ready, and therefore by him quickly found, he walked softly towards the Pond, seeming devoutly to read all the way he went; but when he was come near, he read louder, that they might hear him. The Geese seeing his Religious Habit, and hearing him read so devoutly, fearing nothing, came all out of the Pond, and became his Auditors; among whom two of the eldest (tho not the wisest) would needs thrust their heads even into his Mouth, to look upon his Book. The Fox seeing this, immediately kills them both: and then all the other in great fear fled into the Water again, sounding an alarm all the way they went. This Reydardine minded not, but hasted all he could to lodge himself

Under the Guise of Religion, Murders are too often perpetrated.

self and his Prey, in his before provide Cave, which with great care, speed, and diligence he performed, stopping up the mouth with Stones and Earth so close, as he could not be perceived by any. In the mean while he was miſſed by one of the Novices, who immediately after Dinner was sent out of an errand. He not finding Reynardine in the Penitents Cell, called to the Porter and told him, The Fox was fled. The Porter tells others, and they the Prior, who presently sends out Ten of the ableſt and moſt nimble Monks, with Grimlook the Porter, to search for Reynardine, and strip him of his Religious Habit. When these were gone out but a little way from the Monaſtery, they meet with three or four of the eldeſt of the Goſe, who were coming to the Monaſtery to complain of the great Outrage they had received from a Member of that House, who feigning himself Religiously diſpoſed, had killed two of their Fellows; they hearing this, presently knew it was Reynardine, that had committed those Murthers; therefore desired the Goſe to conduct them to the place where this Miſcreant (as they called him) had perpetrated that Villany. They accordingly do, and shew him some of the Feathers, and a drop or two of the Blood of their slain Fellows, but where the Murderer carried them, they say, their fear was so great, they could not observe. They purſue this way and that way, Grimlook the Maſtiff in the mean while Hunting in every Corner; but all to no purpoſe. Reynardine heard them well enough, and notwithſtanding he had so firmly fortified himself, he was every moment in fear of being surprized and taken. But such was his good Fortune at that time, that they found him not. The next day they sought him further from home to as little purpoſe. All this the Fox knew, because the purſuers in all places inquired for

him, of every Passenger they met. The Third day, they pursued him not, nor any more after: Therefore on the fourth day, just at high Noon, he opened his Cave a little, looking this way and that way, to see by which way he might best (when Night came) make his escape.

CHAP. VIII.

The Fox escaping in the Night, leaves the Dutchy of *Manton*, enters the Kingdom of *Zalap*, Shrives many, at length finding *Brocket*, goes with him into his own Countrey, where he takes Sir *Firrapels* Confession, and Absolves him.

When Evening was come, the Fox travelled as far from the Monastery as he could, and the next Morning (by day-light) discerning which way to take, he mended his pace, until he got quite out of that Countrey and was again entred the Kingdom of Zalap, to his great content. Into which Kingdom he had not gone far before he saw a Pilgrim coming towards him. This Pilgrim he purposed to rob, if he could, and strip him of his Habit: but when he drew nearer, the Fox was of another mind, for he saw he would be much too strong for him; so that he might very well fear to be robbed and stript (if not killed) by the Pilgrim. Who intending no hurt to any, drawing near to Reynardine, saluted him thus: Reverend Sir Priest (for such I take you to be) you are happily met this Morning: In One and Twenty days Journey hitherward I have not met with or seen any Religious Person, therefore am now exceeding glad to see your Worship, and may well call this an happy Met-

Greeting. I perceive, Sir Pilgrim, said the Fox, that you are no Stranger to Religion, seeing at first sight you can so well discern me. For I am such as you take me to be, and was Educated in the Priestly Function, from my Infancy, under my Father a famous Bishop. I suppose you are going to the Monastery of Manton. Yes; quoth the Pilgrim, my Pilgrimage ends there. Truly Sir Pilgrim, said Reynardine, I would gladly accompany you thither, partly because I never saw that Monastery; but chiefly because (according to my Office) I hold it a part of my Duty to conduct Pilgrims on their way. But the Commands of my Superiors will at this time force me to omit that part of my Duty, and because my Business requires haste, I must (though much against my Will) abruptly leave you. Having thus spoken, shook hands with the Pilgrim, and bid him farewel. The Pilgrim then could do less, but return him his good Wishes, and so depart. The Fox joyful that he had thus deluded the Pilgrim, went on his way, and in a little time met with a Company of Ferrets, who desired Shrift: These he Shrived, enjoyning only for Penance, a couple of Young Rabbits among them all; they request him to stay, and soon bring them to him, with these he Feasts, and then proceeds in his Journey. All the day after, tho he met very many, yet none desired Shrift, except (just about Sun-set) one poor silly Ass; him he Shrived, and for Penance enjoyned him to fetch a good Bundle of Straw, which the Fox said he would himself lie upon that Night. The Ass obeys, and going to a Barne, that then stood open, not far off, had readily taken up a Sheaf of Wheat in the Straw, which he was in all haste bearing away to his supposed Father Confessor; but being met by the Owner, had the Sheaf taken from him, and was

Wicked Persons always make Lies their Refuge.

The Peoples Ignorance exposes them to the Ruin of crafty Persons; especially if Religion be as a Bait proposed.

was soundly bang'd for his labour. The Fox seeing this, laughed heartily, and went his way. For that Night he lodged near thereabout. On the Morrow early, as he was passing forward he met many Beasts, which (upon the Report, the aforesaid Ferrets had made of his ease Pennance) sought him out, on purpose to be Shriven. He Shrives them all, and for their Pennance enjoyned them, when and wheresoever he should meet them, or any one of them, they should impart to him of their Store, according to his necessity: for more than daily necessaries (said he) I desire not; only this days Dinner I shall expect from you. They promise to perform all, and before Noon bring him a Fat Goose, which he thanks them for, and further said, I here solemnly promise you, at my return from the Kingdom of Feraria, whither I am now going, to bring with me plenary Indulgences, to be by you purchased at a cheaper rate, or lower price than ever Priest sold them for; by vertue of which, you may live how you will, and do what you list, without fear of punishment, all the days of your life. They humbly thank him, wish him a good Journey and speedy return. He passeth on his way, and after he had Shriven many other Beasts, with the injunction of like Penance as before; it was his hap to meet with Brocket the Badger, whom with Joy he thus saluted; Cosin Brocket, I hope now (very speedily) I shall be in some good capacity to requite all your love, care, and pains taken for me. By your good Counsel and Conduct I purchased this Gown, which (like Fortunatus his Purse) always supplies me with abundance of all things needful. I pray thee good Cosin Reynardine (quoth the Badger) what mean you thus to speak. That you have been admitted into the Monastery I doubt not; your Habit plainly

ly proving that. But how you came out thence, and still retain with you the same Vesture you there wore, is a Riddle to me. For I well know the Rules of that House do enjoyn, that no one leaving the Monastery, shall be permitted to wear their Religious Gown any longer. It is true Cosin, said the Fox, this Riddle I will another time unfold between you and me. But the reason why I compared my Coat to Fortunatus his Purse, is this: Fortunatus never put his hand into his Purse, but always pulled out as much Money as he needed; so my Gown is never seen by the ignorant, but it always supplies my wants to the full, they (as it were) offering Sacrifice to the Gown, not to me. For should I lay off my Coat but for one hour, instead of giving me any thing, they would rather take from me all I have. I believe it (said the Badger) for the outward appearance only, is all that the vulgar gaze at; according to which, they positively determine this or that. But pray Cosin tell me which way you intend to Travel now. Now I purpose, said the Fox, to direct my Journey towards my own Countrey; which I fear not to do, having got so good a Passport as this: I fear (quoth Brocket) you will find no good Entertainment there. I must put that to a venture, said Reynardine, however I am sure you will like that Countrey well: If you think good to bear me Company thither, I know it will be for your Good: if I see no safety in staying there, I'll soon make a quick Return. They agree to go together, and all the way in their Journey through the Kingdom of Zalap, are plentifully supplied with all Necessaries, by the Fox his Votaries. The Fox and Badger in the mean time laugh in their Sleeves, and secretly deride the mad Devotion of those Ideots, who would needs offer their Service to accompany Reynardine and Brocket to their Journeys end:

All things are judged off, as they seem to be, not indeed as they are.

end: But the Fox forbid them, saying, ere long I will see you again, and then abide with you a longer time; in the mean while go home, and expect my speedy Return with my before promised Indulgences, which will give you all content. They return home, and the Fox and Badger proceed in their Journey, through the Province of Logwood, which they find totally Ruined, as in the latter part of the Fourth Chapter of this present Book, is briefly mentioned: therefore there they stay not, but hasten forward, till they come to the borders of the Kingdom of Feraria, where they lodge that night. On the morrow, when the Sun was fully risen, they walk fair and softly into that Kingdom, and so the third and fourth day until almost Noon, about which time they were come nigh to the [illegible] Firrapel the Libbard's Countrey Palace, in which he at that time lay sick of the Gout. One of his Servitors seeing Reynardine, and supposing him to be a Priest, told his Lord an outlandish Priest was come into those parts, and was now near his Palace. To this the Lord Firrapel said, hasten quickly and call him hither, for I would gladly confess my self and be absolved before I die. The Servitor runs to Reynardine, and after Obeysance made, saith, Sir Priest, my honoured Master the Lord Firrapel sends for you, desiring Absolution before he dies, for he is at this time Sick, Weak, and very full of Pain, I pray Sir come quickly. The Fox goes with him, and when brought into the Lords Chamber, was thus accosted by the Lord Firrapel: Sir Priest, I desire Absolution, because I have at such and such times committed such and such hainous Offences, particularly naming all (too many to be here recited) among which he plainly confesses his betraying of Reynard the Fox, his now Confessors own Father. All which Reynardine with great Patience and seeming Gravity diligently listned to, and

Read the second part of the History of *Reynard the Fox.*

and after some small pause said: Sir Firrapel your Sins are great and hainous, yet upon easie Penance may all be pardoned, except that one of Betraying Reynard the Fox (as you call him) whom at that time you acknowledge was Superior to your self: Had you not consented to the same Treason with him, you would have found no Cause of Repentance at this time upon that score. But seeing you are now Sick and Weak, and a true Penitent (as I believe) I will help to bear your Burthen with you, and enjoyn as easie a Penance as possible I can. You shall for all your other Sins, except this last mentioned, pay to the Poor of this Kingdom a Talent of Silver by way of Alms giving; and for this last, so soon as you shall be able to go to Court, you shall not cease to petition the King, that the head and right hand of Reynard may be taken down from the Poles, on which they are affixed, until the King shall grant the same: then shall you bury them. This you are willing to perform? To this Sir Firrapel said, I will perform all if I live; but if I die the Alms shall be given: This I Solemnly Promise. Then I, said the Fox do here as Solemnly Absolve you, and you are Absolved to this day. After this, the Lord Firrapel commanded Victuals and a good Reward to be given to this supposed Priest; who having received the same, presently went his way.

CHAP. IX.

The *Fox* leaves *Feraria*, and returns into the Kingdom of *Zalap*, alone without the Badgers Company, continues his newly assumed Course of Life, and at last (through his own folly) loses his Religious Habit.

BRocket the Badger, having long expected Reynardines coming, and at length seeing him come out of the Gate, hasting to meet him, said, how is it Cosin, that you stand so very long? I have heard you thrive several who have confessed a multitude of Sins, yet you never stayed so long at the hearing of any Confession. True Cosin, said the Fox, but I never shrived a Lord before, and great Folkes (you know) love many Words, and much Waiting on. But this Old Villain hath paid me well enough: look here, he gave me all this, half of which I give to you, in part of Recompence for all your Kindness. The Badger took one moity of the Libbards Benevolence to Reynardine, returning the Fox great Thanks for the same. After this they continued several Days together thereabout, without any Profit: for the Beasts of that Kingdom would come and stand still to gaze upon the Fox's Religious Habit; but none would offer to request Absolution, or desire Shrift: Therefore the Fox had a mind to return into the Kingdom of Zalap, but the Badger was desirous to go into the Forest, where Reynardine durst not shew his Head. Hereupon they agree to part in Friendly sort; and accordingly the Badger goes into the Forest (where he lived long after) and the Fox returns to the Kingdom of Zalap, where his Votaries had long expected him. But before he went in thither, he provided himself with several Scrolls made of Leaves, written

written with a certain Gibbrish Language, wholly unknown both to himself and others. These he called Indulgences, which the Ignorant sort as eagerly Coveted, as if they had been true Indulgences indeed. When those he had before shrived, saw him, they infinitely rejoyced, as if some God had appeared among them; Him they salute, bow and cringe to: He again after a stately manner, resalutes them. Then they ask him for his Indulgences, he saith they are ready; but must first know whether they be fit to receive them. Hereupon they come all to a new Shrift, which brings in no small Gain to the Fox's Will. After that he sets his feigned Indulgences to Sale, and every silly Beast that could purchase one of them, thought himself happy. The Prices he set on them, were not to all alike; but he rated each Indulgence, according as he thought each Beast was best able to pay: Money he esteemed not, because he could not Traffique there where it was used: Therefore his prices were so many Chickens, so many Hens, Ducks, Geese, Rabbets, Pidgeons (if they could catch them) or the like. Thus he lived long without labour, in the fulness of all things: And that he might want nothing to make him a compleat Abby Lubber, Hickrel the Stalking Horse comes to him to be shriven; of him for Penance he requires half a dozen Wild-ducks. He readily Robs his Master, and brings them to him. Likewise Jowler the Setting-dog (Setbitor to the same Master) after the Example of the Horse, comes to Shrift. The Fox requires for his Penance a dozen of Patridges, which he (robbing his Master) also brought. After this, in Imitation of other Beasts, both these Ideots requested Indulgences, which they paid for out of their Masters Store. Many more Beasts came to him upon the same Account, to all which he Sold his Indulgences, to be paid for at

Hereby is shewed the mad Devotion of Ignorant Persons.

set times to come, because for the present he found he had more than would be spent whilst it was good. Notwithstanding all this fulness, he failed not in the Night, hunting for his pleasure, to follow his old Trade of Stealing; but he was not able to play the Thief so dexterously as before; because, through his too much Feeding, he was grown very Fat and Unweildy. Therefore he would have left off his Night Trade altogether, had he not esteemed his Stolen Morsels sweeter than all that was given him. On a Day a certain Grave Beast, wiser than his Fellows, comes to Reynardine, demanding of him, why he abused the Credulty of the Vulgar in so gross a manner? To this the Fox suddenly answered, They will have it so. Si Vulgus vult decipi, decipiatur, is a common Maxim of the Schools. I do nothing, but what they desire of me: they cheat themselves, if I do not take advantage of their Follies, others will. Hah Villain, said this Grave Beast, get you packing or I will send you hence with a Vengeance. The Fox being sore afraid, flies, and he pursues, intending to drive Reynardine quite out of that Kingdom. But the Vulgar seeing this, immediately rescue their Father Confessor, and his Pursuer was now glad himself to flie to avoid their fury. Thus he continued his Roguery, without other Controul, for a long time after, until one Night, intending to Rob a Wealthy Farmers Hen-roost, he by the slender Light of the waning Moon, discerned a Steel-Trap, laid in the Passage to welcome such Night Guests as himself; over this he knew he could not pass without eminent danger, therefore he struck at it with the lapper of his Gown, but being not nimble enough to draw it away, that was catcht back, and he pulled down with the sudden jerk of the Engin. He laboured all he could to free his Gown, but could not, upon the noise of the Engin falling

The Vulgar too frequently abuse their Benefactors in defence of their proper Enemies.

falling out comes a Young Man (who had purpoſely watched that Night) with a Wrong in his hand, intending to kill him that was taken. The Fox perceiving this, was conſtrained to leave his Gown behind him, and flie away Naked with all the ſpeed he could. Thus ended the Fox's Prieſthood.

CHAP. X.

The *Fox* having loſt his Religious Habit, is in danger of Death by his own Votaries; eſcaping that danger, being in great Penury, cozens *Vorax* the *Wolf* of a piece of Fleſh; and after that durſt abide no longer in *Zalap*.

The Fox after this great Loſs haſtens to his Lodging that Night, and lay there Two days, not ſtirring forth or ſhewing himſelf to any: Many of his Clients ſuppoſing him Sick, come to Viſit him; but he refuſed their Viſit, ſaying he had enjoyned himſelf a Penance of four days Faſt, which being ended he would ſhew himſelf to them, before he durſt not (as he ſaid) becauſe of his Vow. They believing this, depart and return at the time appointed in greater Numbers than before. He then knowing he could not well refer them to a further day, and becauſe his Proviſion failed, was forced to ſhew himſelf not without Shame and Grief) to his Votaries, who knew him not: Therefore hoping by his glozing Tongue to retrieve the loſs of his Gown, by his words, thus ſpake: Here ſtands your Prieſt, naked and poor, by ſacrilegious hands ſpoiled of his Religious Habit, and all he had during his Faſt. For the Night before the laſt a ſtrong Villain, ſuch an One as you formerly ſaw purſuing me, entered here, and bearing me ſore, robbed me of all, as I ſaid:

But

But to your comfort and mine I speak it, I doubt not but that in a few days the Sacrilegious Varlet shall be forced to restore all. Here he was interrupted by the murmuring noise of many in the Company, some of whom pitying his Condition, said, they would pursue the Sacrilegious Villain that had so wickedly spoiled their Priest: but others said that he himself was the Sacrilegious Person that had most barbarously murdred their Priest, conveyed away his Goods, and hid his Religious Habit purposely to usurp his Place: Therefore say they, let us revenge the Priests Death on him. Others of them were of a contrary Opinion, not altogether agreeing with the first: These said let us not rashly Kill him, but wait to see whether he can (as he says he doubts not but that he shall) force the Villain to restore all. If so, the Truth will be manifest, and we in the mean while shall not need either to Pursue the one or Kill the other. This Councel (rare in the Vulgar) was applauded by all; only some (wiser than their Fellows) said, let us watch him that he escape not, till we certainly know whether he be our Priest or not. Then the Fox standing up, said, Sirs I certainly know (for so it was revealed to me in a Dream this last Night) that the Sacrilegious Person will not only be discovered, but also be enforced against his will to restore my Religious Habit, and all things else he robbed me off, except the Victuals he hath eaten; and this within Ten days at farthest. In the mean while, seeing he hath left me nothing to eat, after my Four days Fast, I request you would supply me with Food during my Confinement: for if you your selves do not confine me, I must confine my self, having made a Solemn Vow not to stir out of this place (unless enforced) till my Gown be restored to me again. They hearing this, promise him daily Food, and accordingly supply him for that day; at night they

appoint

appoint four Wolfs to watch that he slip not away. Reynardine glad at his heart, he had so deluded them, when it drew towards Midnight feigned himself fast asleep, snoring so as his Keepers thought no less; therefore they mistrusting nothing fall asleep, thinking he would not start. The Fox waiting this Opportunity, took time by the fore-top, and got softly out by them, and so escaped; not daring to abide there longer, lest his fraud should be discovered: for had they then known, as they afterward did, how he lost his Gown; they would never have suffered him to escape alive, because he had so basely cheated them with his pretended Indulgences, which they also (not long after) found to be false. Reynardine having escaped this danger, wanders solitarily in By-places, as far from Company as he could: and whereas before, he pretended a feigned voluntary Fasting; now he is constrained (full sore against his Will) to Fast sometimes two or three days together, so that his Fat abated a-pace. Thus he, who but a little before lived in the fulness of all things, a bounding with plenty, is now reduced to Extream Penury and Want. In this poor plight he lived, till he was almost weary of Living: but it happened, after a long Fast, Fortune presented him with an opportunity of obtaining a better Meal than he at any time since his Escape could ever find: For in a clear day ascending a little Hill, high enough for him to view the Plain round about, he espied Vorax the Wolf, hasting a-pace from a Village where he had stoln a piece of Flesh; him he meets in the way, and thus Salutes: Happily met Cosin Vorax, since the unlucky time wherein our Parents fell into that dismall Disaster, that hath ruined us all; it was never my fortune to see you, or any of my Cosins of your Family: Now I hope you will shew me some Kindness in my present distress. Sore the Fox would

have

have spoken, but the Wolf interrupting him, said, I will not own you, nor any of your Family, to be of kinn to me, seeing I too well understand, that your Fathers great Ambition was the Ruin of my Father, the Noble Lord Chief Prelate Isgrim, and of all us his Children and Nephews: I know your Craft well enough, you only scrape acquaintance with me now, in hopes to be partaker of my Booty but I will see you choak'd before you shall have a bit on't. You shall never abuse me, as your Father abused mine: no no, I have more wit, than to be so deluded. Dear Cosin, said the Fox, why speak you so harshly to one that is even at the point of Death, not for want of Food, Alas! that is not my Disease, but (this very Morning) eating too much, hath brought on me so Violent a Surfeit, that I fear it will cost me my Life, unless I can be informed where dwells a Leech, that repairing to him, I may by Medicine find relief; otherwise I am sure I cannot live two days to an end. Relief by Medicine, said the Wolf, you are a Fool, I never was willing to expose my Body to the practices of any Leech; my Fathers way and mine always was to Fast it out: that is the best Remedy in the World But I pray where met you with so great plenty, as to Surfeit therewith; I'le assure you, in this Country such Abundance is rarely found. Ah! Cosin (quoth the Fox) I wish I may never more have such Findings; for if I had not in some measure bridled my Appetite, I had certainly died with eating; so lucious, and above measure pleasant was the Booty I met with: And could I have been so happy as temperately to have used my Abundance, I had undoubtedly had, of that excellent Provision, enough to have served me a whole Week after, nay I think for a much longer time. I pray thee Cosin, said the Wolf, where met you with so fair a Booty, what sort of Meat was it? Why Cosin,

to

tell you the Truth, it was Lamb. Lamb, quoth the Wolf, I love that above all Meat in the World. Ah! said Reynardine, and well you may, for in all the Earth no Meat is so delicate and pleasant as that. I being abroad this Morning early, met with two Sucking-Lambs, strayed far from their Dams; finding these in a private and very convenient place, I killed them both; and by the sweetness of their Blood understood what Dainties I had met with. Opening them, I wholly eat up the Heart and Liver of one, and more than half the Liver of another; besides other parts of their Flesh, but I shall have cause to repent this Eating (for ought I know) as long as I live. This fulfils the Proverb, Sweet Meat must have Sower Sauce. Which I find too true in my self. Good Cosin tell me where dwells a Leech, that I may go to him for a Purge or Vomit, to ease my over charged Stomach. You need no Purge or Vomit said the Wolf, if ye will be ruled by me, only Fast, and Sleep as much as you can, and that will be a safe and easie Remedy. Tell me but where you met with this Noble Booty, and I shall account my self obliged to you for ever. That I will Cosin, quoth the Fox, with all my Heart. See you not yonder very high Elme, that is higher by much than all the Trees about it? Yes, said the Wolf. There quoth the Fox, under a Quick-set-hedge, in a dry Ditch, I laid them both, and covered them with Leaves, that they might not be seen by Passengers; there you will readily find them. How far think you, said the Wolf, is that high Elm from this place? The Fox replied about Ten Furlongs off, not further I am sure: Well then, quoth Vorax the Wolf, I will hasten thither; but what shall I do with my piece of Flesh in the mean time? That said the Fox you may leave here with me, if you please, I will carefully keep it till your Return; on-

let it be laid up in this Cave, out of my sight; for I hate the sight of Flesh, and always shall, till my Stomach is discharged. During your Absence, I will (according to your Advice) endeavour to Sleep, hoping that will do me good. It will I'll warrant you, said the Wolf, Here lies the Flesh, I will bid you farewel, and hasten thither. Do so saith Reynardine, I wish you well good Cosin. The Fox having thus abused the Wolf's Credulity, laughs in his sleeve, and hastily (so soon as he perceived the Wolf was gone far enough) Eats up the Flesh, and runs a clean contrary way to that the Wolf was gone, and hides himself in a Cave all that day. The Wolf coming to the place the Fox spake of, saw neither Muckset-hedge nor Dry-ditch near thereabout; therefore, after a long and tedious search (for what was not to be found) he returned in a rage to find out Reynardine, whom he could never after see, to the day of his Death. When he could neither find the Fox nor the Flesh he had intrusted him with, he cursed his own Credulity, and vowed to revenge his Abuse, by the Death of Reynardine wheresoever he could find him. The Fox well knowing his own danger, which his present Hunger had precipited him into, resolved with all speed to leave that Kingdom and (as soon as possible) to return into his own Country, whatsoever should betide him. This Resolve he put in Execution, and about three days after got into the Province of Longwood, in order to his before intended Journey.

Too many lose their own proper Goods pursuing their greedy hopes of what is not.

CHAP. XI.

CHAP. XI.

The *Fox* entring the Kingdom of *Feraria*, meets Old *Grimbard* the *Brock*, shrives him, and asketh his Counsel. He wisheth him to advise with *Zani* the *Ape*. The *Ape* (upon Sight of the *Ass*) counsels him to turn *Physician*: makes a Disguise for him, *&c.*

IN that Province he stayed not, but hasted all he could into the Kingdom of Feraria, where being entred, after he had sculked about for some time, he at length spied Old Grimbard the Brock, who (for very Age) was full of Gray Hairs all over; him he thus saluted: Reverend Cosin, my Honoured Fathers Old Friend, I am very glad to see you. To this the Brock (being by reason of his Age dim-sighted) replied, who are you that thus Salutes me, I cannot remember whose Son you were? Why Sir, said the Fox, I am Reynardine the Son of Reynard. O Cosin, said the Brock, I am glad to hear you speak, but plainly discern you I cannot, by reason of my weak Sight; however pray tell me how it is with you, and what is become of your Brother Volpus? Reverend Sir, quoth the Fox, my Brother died long ago, and I have been put to my Shifts ever since the Death of my Father: I was once a Priest in Orders; but the extream Austerity of that Life, was too severe for my young years to brook. Here Grimbard interrupting, said, If a Priest, Cosin I pray shrive me, for I have shriven your Father more than once, and he had always good luck after it. Reynardine hearing this, immediately shrived Grimbard the Brock, and speedily after said: Good Cosin, I pray favour me so much, as to advise me what Course is best for me to take: I see no safety in living abroad?

No nor at home neither, said the Brock; have you not heard how by the Kings Proclamation it is made Death for you to return into this Kingdom? Yes Sir, quoth the Fox but is there no way to live here, and escape that danger? Not that I know of, said Grimbard. Besides Cosin (said he I am Old, and am now studying how to die, not to teach such Youngsters as you how to live. Your young Cosin Zani the Ape lives close by. I will go with you to his Lodging, if he be at home, he will Advise you ten times better than I, for he makes it his business to study Craft and Subtilty, and to teach desperate Persons how to retrieve their lost Fortunes. So on they went together to Zani's Lodging, who being at home, very kindly saluted them both: but Old Grimbard (being by Age taught to be wiser, than to meddle in such Matters) gravely took his leave of them, and departed. When he was gone, Zani (extream glad to see Reynardine) said, Cosin, I am heartily glad to see you alive and in health, but considering the Proscription you lie under, and the danger you are hourly exposed by reason of that, troubles me not a little What Course intend you to take? Have you not in all your Travels learned some Science, or Mystery to live by? To this the Fox replied, Cosin, I have undergone various changes of Fortune, sometimes up, sometimes down; once I was a Priest in Orders, after that (when I left the Monastery, the Severity of which I could not brook) I lived most splendidly, by taking Shrifts often and dispensing Indulgences; but most unfortunately losing my Religious Habit, I was in danger of Death, which over-hastily endeavouring to escape, I too suddenly fell into extream Poverty. After this I was constrained to Wander like a Vagabond, until I could come hither; but being here, am (as you see) in little better Plight than before. You know the Old sayings, Necessity is

the

the Mother of Inventions; and Adversity is a better Schoolmaster, than Prosperity: And Poverty (to be sure) sharpens the Wit. Therefore Cosin, if you can think of putting me into any way, whereby I may with Safety live here (for I hate the thoughts of living else where) doubt not, but you shall find me capable to embrace and practise the same. While he thus spake, Zani the Ape saw Simpleton the Ass (cloathed in Russet-Velvet, with a List of Black Satin down the Back, and about his Shoulders) passing by in great State, with his Lacquie at his Heels. Him he shewed to Reynardine, who asking what he was, the Ape Answered, This is Simpleton the Ass, Doctor of Physick. How! said the Fox, what Idiots were they, that made such an Ass Doctor? You mistake Cosin, quoth Zani, He made himself a Doctor, and the Idiots believing him such, have caused wiser than they to be of the same belief. For he is now going to Visit the Lord Ferrapel, at this time (as he often is) Sick of the Gout and this Lord is so far perswaded of his great Ability, that he hath commended him to many other Nobles; in so much that the Ass now is the only Physician of Note in the Forest. And well he may, for this I will say in his Behalf (and a Fig for him) he is excellent in administring Purgers, Vomitories, Clysters, Blisters, and Opiats, which extreamly please the greatest part of the Inhabitants of this Kingdom, whether poor or rich, noble or ignoble: and tho, by this way of Practice he kills more than he cures, 'tis no matter for that, the Grave covers all, and he in the mean while knows how to please their Relations: saying, their time was come. But Cosin, said the Fox, hath not this famous Ass-Doctor also Let Blood? To this Zani the Ape replied, yes Cosin, yes, I had forgot that. That is his Master-piece. Put on my Conscience, Blood-letting also does often times more hurt than good.

I

I believe no less, said the Fox; but Fools must be pleased. You say very true, quoth Zani; therefore Cosin, (if you think you can please Fools) I would advise you also to turn Doctor. Well Cosin, said the Fox, Ie'l not, as unlikely things have come to pass. I have read over Gallens Method of Physick, more than once; and am not a little Skilled in the use of Simples by him prescribed. Also I know how to prepare and administer Emeticks, Catharticks, Diaphoreticks, and Diureticks. What hard Names are these Cosin, said the Ape? These quoth the Fox, are only Terms of Art, used by Physicians, that their Patients may admire, what they cannot understand. A few Cramp words spoken by a Doctor, always creates Admiration in the Vulgar. For words or things commonly known are not regarded. You say well Cosin, said the Ape; I see nothing to the contrary, but that you may very laudably practise Physick: but without some notable Disguise that cannot be done with Safety: Besides (if I understand the temper of our Country Folk) it will be also necessary, that you present your self as a great Traveller and Stranger, come from Forrain Parts; otherwise (Doctor Simpleton having already got so great repute) you will hardly ever come to be Famous or Eminent. And a Doctor without Fame (how skilful soever) shall never get any thing to purpose. All this is true, said the Fox, I can easily play the Counterfeit any way that shall be needful; but I have no Disguise to wear, nor know I how to procure any. Leave that to me, quoth the Ape, for I have all things necessary for the purpose. It is not long since I (with my Companions) going out upon a Frolick, found a Pedlar asleep, with his Pack lying by him. This Pack we took away, and as equally as we could divided all the Wares amongst us. By this means I am stored with Razors, Lancets, Scisers, Combs, &c. By the help

It is the great Folly of almost all Nations, that they rather give Credit to Strangers, than to their own Country Men.

help of which, I doubt not but to make you a compleat Disguise? For first I must have off all the Hair of your Tail, then dye your Coat all over Black; and lastly, make you a Perriwig of Sheeps Wooll (dyed also Black) that shall wholly cover both Head and Ears: being thus Disguised, you may securely proceed in the Practice of Physick. But when I have done this, I shall expect to be requited with some part of your Profits, which I know will be great; if you admit me for your Servitor, I have a Striped-Livery fit for my self, suitable to the purpose: Besides I can feel the Pulse, and let Blood with my Lancets; and by that means shall be not only serviceable, but also very beneficial to you. You say well Cosin, said the Fox, let us go about our Work, I doubt not but it will take well; and you shall be sure to have the third part of my Profits, in Apples, Nuts, and what else you please to make up your full third part. Content, quoth the Ape. Having thus agreed, the Ape in a few days had dyed the Fox's Coat, shaved his Tail, and made him a complete Black Perriwig, that covered his Head and Ears; and then they sat together in consult how to manage their future Business to their best Advantage.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

The *Fox* disguised and attended on by *Zani* the Ape, enters the Forrest by the Name of Doctor *Pedanto*: His Bills and Method of Practice.

AT the end of their Consult, it was agreed between them, that Reynardine should enter the Fozzest, by the Name of Doctor Pedanto; Zani as his Servitor, and both affirm that the Fox was a Stranger, Native of a very far Countrey, that hearing of the fame of the Kingdom of Feraria, was come thither purposely to see it, and shew his Skill there. Accordingly the Fox in great State walks into the Fozzest, Zani the Ape following him as his Lacquie. In the way they went, whensoever Zani was asked by any of the Beasts of the Fozzest (as he often was) what Stranger that was, he always answered he was an Outlandish Physician, very Learned, and a great Traveller, by Name Doctor Pedanto. When they were come into the Fozzest, after their Choice of several Lodgings, this new Doctor took one in the High-street of the Fozzest, not far from Doctor Simpleton's Palace. But Simpleton calling him Mountebank reproachfully scorned him, saying, (which was in part truer than he himself thought) this is some Vagabond Rascal that cannot live elsewhere, who hearing of my great (though not undeserved) Fame, hopes either to eclipse my Repute, or to procure to himself the like Honour. The Fox either not hearing or not minding this Reproach, so soon as he was settled, caused his Bills to be Pasted up, upon many of the Trees of the Fozzest; the Tenor of which ran thus.

Two of a Trade cannot agree.

Good

Good Tidings to the Sick and Lame.

WHereas there is lately come into these Parts, a very honourable, truly, wise and learned Physician, by Name Dr. *Pedanto*; who by his great Travels in Forraign Kingdoms, can speak Five and thirty several Languages; and having been Physician to three Emperors, seventeen Kings, thirty nine Dukes, infinite other Great Lords, and Persons of Quality, hath attained the true Art of Healing, equal to the Knowledge of *Hippocrates* and *Galen*, and far beyond the Skill of any other yet known in the World at this day. This Physician hearing of the great Fame of this renowned Kingdom, having Travelled far to see it, is now desirous to shew his great Skill in this place. Therefore proposeth to all Diseased Persons whatsoever, to Cure the *Running* of the *Reins* (by Artists called the *Gonorrhœa*) the *Pox*, *Gout*, *Scurvy*, *Dropsie*, and all other Distempers whatsoever, internal or external, whether curable or not. And all this for a very reasonable Reward, * requiring nothing before the Cure be fully performed.

The Bragging Boasts of Outlandish Doctors.

* The common pretence of Quacks; tho they mean far otherwise.

This Famous Doctor is to be spoken with every hour of the day (if urgent Business hinder not,) at his Lodging in the High-street *of the* Forrest, *within five doors of Dr.* Simpleton's *Palace.* VIVAT REX.

As this Bill greatly troubled Doctor Simpleton, and some few other such Physicians of the Forrest, so it extreamly pleased the Vulgar, who flock in heaps to this supposed Outlandish Doctor. For, though they understood not what the Bill meant, because they could not read; yet by Hear-say and Zani's profuse Praises of his Master, they concluded that Doctor Pedanto was the only Physician then living in the World; and Doctor Simpleton was but an Ass to him. Therefore one

comes for a Purge, another for a Vomit; a third (because of great Costiveness) requires a Clyster; a fourth would needs be let Blood, because of a great Itching (he said) he had every where about him. Another (having a pain behind his Ear) requires a Blister or two to be raised. Many more came, complaining of other Maladies, but each of these thought himself wise enough to teach this new Doctor what he should Administer to them. The Fox well knowing the old temper of the Vulgar, pleases all; therefore to one for a Purge; he gives Jallap-root infused in Liquor for a Night or two; to another (upon the same Account) he gives Rubarb (in a large quantity) infused in the Juice of Grapes; to a third, a Decoction of Sena Leaves, to a fourth Troches of Alhandal; to a fifth Scammony, and to others Coloquintida. To some to provoke Vomiting, he gave White Vitriol (dissolved in Water) Asarabacca Leaves steeped in Wine; Stibium, Gum de Peru, Hellebore, and the like. His Glisters (alias Clysters) were only such as were commonly used and prescribed by Doctor Simpleton the Ass: for better he knew not. Likewise in letting Blood, he without distinction of Age or Sex (except in the quantity only) let all Blood that came according to the usual mode; and if Mischief came thereof, he had his Answer ready: They would have it so. His Blisters were usually raised with Cupping-Glasses, or else with Spanish flyes, or other like Vesicatory Lozments; which made his Patients after the first Experiment, never to venture a second Tryal: and yet (for all that) they remain no less free from Pain than before. But the most raging and Epidemical Disease of the Forrest, was the Surfeit; which swept away many yearly, and almost every Month invaded one or other. In the Cure of this, he forgot not to enjoyn Abstinence from Food, as a necessary part of the Cure, accord-

according to the advice of Vorax the Wolf, given to himself; when he feigned he was afflicted with the same Distemper. Nevertheless for his own profit, he prescribes a Vomit or two at first, and after the Stomach was well emptied, failed not to open a Veine; hoping by this means they would return to him the sooner: As indeed some did, but others never came again, being through too much loss of Blood so enfeebled, as they could never after play the Gluttons any more. The Running of the Reins, few were troubled with, but, to such as were so afflicted, he gave Turpentine in a New-laid-Egg, Bolearmenac, and other Astringents, though not much to the purpose; howsoever they pleased many, because of some abatement of the Malady for a time. The Pox it self fewer had, that would come to him: Such as did, he fluxed with Mercury. And by these and the like ways, he procured to himself no small Reputation; in so much, that he had many of the Asses Patients, and those no small Fools neither. For amongst others, Witless the Ass (Doctor Simpletons own Cosin) who thought himself equal, if not far superior, to his Cosin in Wit, came to Doctor Pedanto: saying, Reverend Doctor, I hear you are a very skilful Leech, come from some far Countrey, pray therefore be pleased to heal my Belly-ach; for I cannot (either wet or dry) ease my Belly: If you cure me Sir I will be sure to blast out your Worships Praises so, as all the Beasts in the Forrest shall certainly hear the same; and then a Fig for my proud Cosin Simpleton's Doctorship: For I know well enough Sir (Maugre all my Cosin shall object to the contrary,) if I but once commend you as a skilful Doctor, it's twenty to one, but that all the Beasts of the Forrest Echo to what I say; and immediately after that, to be sure you will be called the Famous Doctor Pedanto. The Fox hearing this (tho he laughed secretly at the Asses

ſes Folly) gave him a Lazative Medicine, whereby he eaſed his Belly for the present, but found little or no increaſe of Practice, upon the Commendations of Sir Witleſs: Notwithſtanding (his Fame otherwiſe encreaſing) he was often ſent for to ſeveral of the moſt Eminent Beaſts of the Forreſt, among whom Sir Firrapel the Libbard (otherwiſe called, Lord Firrapel) ſent a Meſſenger purpoſely to fetch him to his Countrey Palace, about Seven Miles diſtant from the Forreſt, where he lay ſick and weak; partly with Age, but chiefly with the Gout afflicted; finding no Relief or Eaſe by all the Medicines Doctor Simpleton or others could Adminiſter to him.

CHAP. XIII.

The *Fox* going to Sir *Firrapel* the *Libbard*, purpoſely kills him with *Opium*, but eſcapes without Suſpicion. *Zani*, upon a falling out, leaves him, intending to ſet up for himſelf in the Forreſt.

The Meſſenger coming to Doctor Pedante, ſaid; Worſhipful Sir the Lord Firrapel (my honoured Maſter) lying very Sick and Weak, and ſo extreamly full of Pain, that he cannot reſt Night or Day; requeſts your Worſhips Preſence and Aſſiſtance; promiſing (by me) nobly to recompence all your Care and Pains. This he bad me tell you Sir. To this the Fox ſaid, How far from this place is your Lords Palace? The Meſſenger Anſwered, Threeſcore Furlongs or there about. Wait a while ſaid the Fox, and I will go with you. Then Reynardine well remembring his Fathers Charge, given to himſelf and his Brother, to ſute unto Death the Libbard and Panther, ſpeedily a-

mongſt

mongſt other Medicines, puts upa good quantity of Opium, which he had carefully kept (Zani not knowing what it was) from the time he firſt began his Practice of Phyſick: This Receipt made up with ſpeed, he delivers to the Meſſenger, and commanding Zani to put on his beſt Coat, and go with him; he went forth, leaving his Lodging to Gibbrel the Cat, who had been (for ſome time before) admitted into his Service; charging him to tell all that enquired for him, whither he was gone, and that he would be at home the next Morning betimes. Having ſaid this, he walks on (after the Meſſenger) in great State, with Zani at his heels, until they were got quite out of the Forreſt. Then bidding the Meſſenger to go faſter, they all ſo mended their pace, that in two Hours time, they were got within ſight of Sir Firrapels Palace. At the ſight of which, the Fox commanding the Meſſenger to go before, ſaying, we will come after. The Meſſenger did ſo, and before the Fox and Ape were come up to the Gate, Young Sir Firrapel was come forth to meet them; who ſaluted the Fox with great reſpect: ſaying, Reverend Doctor Pedanto, you are a very welcome Gueſt at this time, for my Father is almoſt at Deaths door; I pray good Sir walk in, and refreſh your ſelf a while, and then go up to my Father. For my Servant tells me what Pains you have made, for which I give you great thanks. The Fox replied, Honoured Sir, it is not the part of a good Phyſician, coming to viſit a Patient in great Diſtreſs, and at the point of Death, (as you ſay my Lord your Noble Father is) to reſpect his own eaſe or refreſhment ſo much, as his Patients welfare. Therefore I will firſt (if poſſible) give your Father ſome eaſe, and afterwards refreſh my ſelf. Young Sir Firrapel hearing this, preſently brought him into his Fathers Chamber, where after ſome few Queſtions were aſked of the Diſ-

It is a wicked thing for Parents to bequeath Revenge (as a Legacy) to their Children. Thus did *Amilcar* to his Son *Hanibal*; which proved the Deſtruction of more than Three hundred thouſand *Romans*; beſides the utter ruine, and devaſtation of his own Country.

Diſeaſed Lord, he called for his Servitor Zani, whom he commanded to bring the Pot of Oyntment, that was for aſſwaging Pains. The Ape obeys; and (having brought it) was by his Maſter commanded to anoint and ſupple the Old Lord's Gouty Limbs, with that Anodine Unguent. He did ſo, and took great Pains thereabout, much to the Sick Lords content, tho but little Eaſe was inferred thereby, yet ſome he had, which gave hopes of more. After this Unction was over, the Fox Adminiſtred a Cordial and not long after that a Julep, then left his Patient, to eaſe and refreſh himſelf, and his Partner Zani; for it was by this time almoſt Night. In the mean while Young Sir Firrapel had provided a ſumptuous Supper for the Doctor and his Servitor; which being ſet before them, the Fox forgot not to tell the Young Lord, that his Servitor took no great pleaſure in eating of Fleſh; therefore he humbly requeſted he might have a few Apples and Nuts for his Servant. This was preſently performed, and Zani and his Maſter plentifully ſupped that Night to both their Contents. After Supper they were conducted to Beds of Freſh Straw, where they lay down to Sleep. But a little after Midnight, when the ſtupefactive or benumming faculty of the Unguent was wholly enervated, the Old Lord's pains returned with greater Violence than before. Upon this, the Fox was haſtily called and the Ape (to be ſure) could not lie long after. So they go to Work with their Unguent as before, anointing his diſeaſed Limbs therewith, until he found ſome reſpite from his extream Torture, then they deſiſt. Not long after, the Fox perceiving the time now to favour his malicious enterpriſe, tells Young Sir Firrapel, he could give his Father ſomething to bring him to reſt, but he feared he would Die in his Sleep, and therefore durſt not do it. The Young Lord hearing this, ſaid, Sleep

Sir,

Sir, is that which my Father only wants, and could he Sleep well, I doubt not but he would Recover. 'Tis true, said the Fox, Sleep is the Arcanum of Medicine, and the only thing he wants: for could he once Sleep, tho but for some small time, I certainly know his Pains (through the Efficacy of my Medicines) will all suddenly vanish, but should he Die in his Sleep, as I have just cause to fear he may, then I (being a Stranger) shall be exposed to the danger of the Law, through the malice of my Enemies. To this Young Firrapel said, Fear not that good Doctor, upon my Honour no Evil shall befall you, if my Father happen to die this time; only procure some rest I pray Sir. That I will my Lord, said the Fox, and immediately gave the Old Lord so large a Dose of Opium, that he soon after fell asleep and never waked more. But before he was fast asleep, Reynardine told his Son, that after his Father had slept four hours he must awaken him, not with any jogging, noise, or violence, but gently and sweetly with a Tabor and Pipe, at first play upon very softly, and afterwards louder and louder, till he should be fully and well awakned. This the Young Lord promised, and so dismissed the Fox with a great Reward, giving Zani also a good Present: After Doctor Pedanto and his Attendant Zani were gone, the Old Libbard slept indeed, snoring so loud that the whole Family (his Son especially) heard it with such joy, that they all betook themselves to rest, which they also much wanted: by which means the Fox's Counsel was forgot, till he was stark dead, cold and stiff. Then they knew too well that the Tabor and Pipe could be of no use at all. So he was afterward honourably buried; and Doctor Pedanto's Reputation not in any wise called in Question: For Young Firrapel and all his Attendants secretly blamed themselves, not in the least suspecting the perfidious

ous Villany of Reynardine, who not long after was discovered, and then justly suspected Guilty of that Murder. But in the mean while he dreamt of no such matter, until he came home. Then indeed, the first beginnings of his Downfall, were manifest, for he and his Servitor, or (more truly to speak) his Partner, were no sooner entred their Lodging, but Zani demands his third part of Reynardines Reward, received from the Lord Firrapel. To this the Fox answered, he was content, provided he would likewise deposite his Present, that the whole may be equally divided; otherwise saith he; an equal Dividend cannot be made. The Ape well knowing, if he did so, little more than what he already had, would fall to his share, refused; saying, my Present was given, in recompence of the great Pains I took, therefore is properly my own, but the Reward you received ought (according to our Contract) to be equally divided into three parts, one of which is mine, the other two are yours. I require nothing but my due: Nor I neither said the Fox. For if the Present be wholly yours, the Reward also is wholly mine; both being received upon one and the same Account. Here they would have fallen to other, but were interrupted by Patients that came in. After that, tho they continued several Months together, they had often and frequent debates about the same thing, but neither Party would yield to make an equal Dividend. At length the difference grew so high, that the Ape left him in an Huff, intending to set up for himself.

Thieves & Murtherers often differ about the Spoil they have taken; and by such strife discover themselves; as is evident by the following Discourse.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Zani the Ape attempts to practice Physick, discovers Dr. *Pedanto* to be *Reynardine* the *Fox*, who is suspected guilty of the Death of Old Sir *Firrapel*: the *Fox* Flies, but the *Ape* is Hanged.

ZAni the Ape, having thus left Reynardine (otherwise called Dr. Pedanto) resolved himself to turn Doctor also, and accordingly took a Lodging in a Narrow-lane, abutting upon the High-street of the Forrest, pretending (as his quondam Master did) to cure all Diseases whatsoever, internal or external, curable or incurable. For though he had far less skill and judgment than Reynardine, yet he had a greater Stock of Impudence, by which he presumed not only to perform as much as his Master could, but also much more; withal affirming that Dr. Pedanto had never been so Famous had it not been for him. I (quoth he) was the only instrument of his raising, I taught him to let Blood, and breath a Vein; I taught him Scarification, and the use of Clysters and Blisters, it was I only that put him into the way of the Practice of Physick; yea, had it not been for me, he had been discovered and hanged long ago: for I made a Disguise for him; dyed his Coat black, and shaved off all the Hair of his Tail, and (besides all this) I humbled my self to become his Servant: and am for all my kindness basely requited. Thus the Ape reasoned privately with himself, for openly he durst not say so much. In the mean time Reynardine (alias Dr. Pedanto) seeing the Ape had left him, called Gibbrel the Cat, to whom he thus spake: Gibbrel, you see how unworthily Zani the Ape hath left us: therefore if you will now with diligence

ſupply his place, I will inſtruct you as well as I can, teaching you all Requiſits for the purpoſe. I well know, that Zani (envying our Welfare) hath taken all his Lancets away with him; ſuppoſing (becauſe Blood-letting is one of the main props of our Faculty) that without them we can do nothing. But I know otherwiſe, for his Lancets are made by Art, the works of men, and being Artificial, cannot be ſo truly Serviceable, as what are Natural. You your ſelf have natural Lancets (your Clawes I mean) by which, with my Inſtructions, you may laudably open the Veins of the Nobleſt Beaſts in the Foreſt, and to their Content too: and then to be ſure all other inferior Animals will gladly follow their Example: For 'tis a received Maxim of the Ancients,

Regis ad Exemplum totus componitur Orbis.

Such as the great ones are, ſuch will the inferior ſort be: Therefore Gibbrel, be diligently careful to keep your Clawes always keenly ſharp, and ſeduloufly endeavour to follow my Directions, and in recompence of your Care and Pains I will double your Wages; and over and above (if you be very diligent) will not fail to ſpeak to all my Patients, as often as they can, to ſupply you with Mice, which I know you Love above all the Dainties in this World. The Cat hearing this (extreamly overjoyed) ſaid, Honoured Maſter, you ſhall find me very induſtrious and careful to learn, and as ready to put in Practice what I have learned, as ever Zani was, or could be. We ſhall ſoon have occaſion to prove that, (ſaid Reynardine) do as you ſay, and I will not fail to give you what I promiſed. The Cat ſaid he would, and accordingly performed his part, as well as was poſſible, tho nothing near ſo dexterouſly (becauſe not ſo handſome handed) as Zani the Ape: yet he ſo far pleaſed the generality

nerality of the Fox's Patients, that he loſt few of them by Zani's Practice. For the Ape had not the Art of Wheedling as the Fox, nor could he ſpeak ſo well, nor was he able to anſwer thoſe Crabbed Queſtions, that were often put to him, by ſuch as Reynardine purpoſely ſent; Craftily thereby intending to nip his Fame in the very Bud, as accordingly he did: in ſo much, that (by this means) there was a general Report ſpred about the Foreſt, that the Ape was but an Ignorant Pretender, knowing nothing of Phyſick. Zani well knew that ſuch an Odium was caſt upon him; but from whence, or from whom, it ſhould firſt take beginning, he could not imagine: only becauſe he was conſcious to himſelf, that he hated Reynardine, he concluded (as Truth was) that the Fox's Malice had procured to him that great Defamation. Therefore he reſolved to pay him in his own Coin, and in order thereunto, very imprudently (tho wiſely enough, as he thought) ſpeaks firſt to one, then to another, afterward to many others: ſaying, I have great Reaſon to believe that Dr. Pedanto is no other then Reynardine the Fox (the Son of Reynard that Arch Traitor) and if occaſion were, I queſtion not but that I could prove the ſame. Theſe or the like Words he often ſpake, hoping this Rumor would ſpread (as indeed it did) to the ruin of Reynardines preſent Proſperity, and his own Life. For this report was quickly brought to the Court, and ſo to the Kings Ear; who was not a little ſtartled thereat: yet, becauſe he favoured the acceſs of Strangers into his Kingdom, he would not ſend any one to apprehend Dr. Pedanto, before he had throughly examined Zani the Ape, who was therefore (by a Purſivant) immediately brought before the King. Of him the King asked why he had raiſed ſuch a report of the Outlandiſh Doctor,

and what ground he had so to do; withal adding, that if he could not prove what he had asserted, he would be severely punished. The Ape extreamly surprised, knew not what to Answer, only said he spake as he thought, and meant no hurt by it. How, said the King, mean no hurt! I have reason to judge that this Action of yours proceeded from a prepensed Malice: for I am told you were his Servant, and because he turned you away for your Misbehaviour (as I suppose) you requite him with this Envious Aspersion. You say you can prove this Doctor, your Quondam Master, to be Reynardine the Son of the Traitor Reynard: prove that, and you will satisfie me, otherwise by exemplary Punishment on you, I will teach all my Subjects, for the future, to abstain from abusing any Stranger, how mean soever. The Ape being greatly terrified, stood mute for a time; but at length said, Great Sir, I know him to be Reynardine the Son of the Traitor Reynard: for I met him, when he came first (after his Exile) into this Kingdom, and at his request shaved off the Hair of his Tail, died his Coat black, and made him the Perruke he now wears. By reason of this Disguise he cannot be known to any but my self; who, though in shew his Servant, was his Partner in the Practice of Physick, which he rather learned of me, than I of him: This is the Truth Sir. The King hearing this, committed him to Prison, and sending for the Lord Firrapel, told him what the Ape said. Then Firrapel the Libbard suspected Reynardine to be (as indeed he was) the Author of his Fathers Death. Hereupon the Ape was Examined thereabout; but he knowing nothing, could answer nothing to the purpose: Therefore he was remanded to Prison, and the Lord Firrapel had Orders presently to apprehend Reynardine. This he would have done, but was prevented by some secret Intelligence that

Rey-

Reynardine had: for before the Messenger he sent could come near his Lodging, he was secretly fled; having left his Perruke behind, which the Messenger took and brought to his Lord, who presented it the King, as a Testimony of the Truth of Zani's Assertion. Upon this, the King commanded that Zani the Ape should be hanged for disguising and concealing a Traitor; and all the Fox's Goods seized on: This was speedily Executed, and Gibbrel the Cat had also been in like danger, had not the Ape (at his Death) wholly cleared him. Thus ended the Fox's Doctorship.

CHAP. XV.

The *Fox* returning to the *Dutchy* of *Manton*, agrees with a *Mountebank* to cut off his Tail and Ears. Afterwards renews his Acquaintance with *Grimlook* the Mastiff, who brings him to his Cosin *Brindle &c.*

THe Fox was now in great distress, fearing every moment to be taken, because he supposed there were Spers in wait for him. But no such thing was commanded by the King, he being satisfied with his Flight, concluding that thenceforth he would neber any more presume to enter into the Forest, or any other part of his Kingdom: Yet the King himself was greatly deceived herein, as the following History plainly shews. for after Reynardine had absconded and secretly hid himself for a time in Feraria, he (by Night journeys, because in the day time he durst not Travel, for fear of being surprized by Vorax the Wolf, whom he had so greatly injured) treading unknown Paths, and fetching a Compass a great way about, at length got into the Dutchy of Manton, where being arrived a little after Noon, it was his hap to espy a Mountebank.

bank upon a Stage, who pretended he could cut off diſeaſed Arms, Legs, or particular Joynts affected, without Pain; and dexterouſly perform many other rare, ſtrange, and unparallel'd Cures. Adding; that ſuch as were willing to have any Member cut off, upon the Stage, he would do it for them, without expectation of Reward; provided they would publickly afterward (upon the ſame Stage) own ſo much to the Expectators. The Fox hearing this, thought it now time for him to conſider what he had beſt to do, to Diſguiſe himſelf, without the help of any, that ſhould be capable afterward to diſcover him. But to loſe a Leg, or Arm, he was not willing: Therefore he determined to have his Tail and Ears cut off, which could do him little hurt, and would ſo remarkably diſfigure him, as he could not poſſibly be known by any, as he then thought. This determination he purſued, and accordingly requeſted the Mountebank to cut off his Tail, within one Inch of his Rump, and both his Ears as cloſe to his Head, as could be done with ſafety; promiſing publickly to affirm, that he felt no Pain in the cutting, and afterward (as many days as he pleaſed) to ſhew himſelf upon the Stage to all the Spectators, to procure Credit and Reputé to his Worſhip. The Mountebank well pleaſed to hear this Propoſal, ſets about his work, and very ſpeedily cut off his Tail and Ears, according to his requeſt. When this was done, and the Blood ſtanched, the Fox publickly declared (though therein he lyed egregiouſly) that he felt no pain at all. And after that, every day, till the remains of his Tail and Ears were perfectly well; he ſhewed himſelf upon the Stage, daily praiſing and highly applauding the Operators ſkill and dexterity. But ſo ſoon as he perceived his Wounds were throughly healed, he gave the Mountebank the ſlip, and haſted as faſt as he could toward the Monaſtery; wherein he hoped

hoped now (assuming to himself a new Name) he should again be admitted, and a second time deceive that Fraternity. But his hopes failed him, for when he was come within two Furlongs of the Monastery, he met Grimlook the Mastiff, who knew him not; to whom he thus spake: Sir Grimlook I am glad to see you, how is it that you are so far from the Monastery, it being now about Dinner time? Grimlook answered: Sir Stranger, I am not concerned for or with the Monastery, nor regard I their Meal-times, it is well if I can provide for my self. But Sir, said the Fox, I am very much mistaken, if you were not Porter to the Monastery, about two years since. 'Tis true, quoth Grimlook, I was so; but now a Cosin of mine named Brindle, enjoys that Office. I pray Friend, how came you to know me? I cannot remember that I ever before saw you; who are you, and what is your Name? My Name, quoth the Fox, is Reynardine, and I was a Member of that Fraternity, when you was Porter there: I well remember, said Grimlook, there was at that time one of that Name (who run away from the Monastery) but surely you cannot be the Person, being not at all like him, if I forget not. I am that very Person, said the Fox, but being in great danger of Death, through the Malice of my Enemies, I was constrained thus to Disguise my self, that I might not be known. If you can be a means to help me again into the Monastery (by another Name, and as another Person) I will not fail to repay your kindness to the full. To this Grimlook answered, All I can do in this Case will be to bring you acquainted with my Cosin Brindle the Mastiff, now Porter of the house; he may do much for you; meet at the Monastery Gate too Morrow Morning by Day-break, and you shall speak with him. But I pray Sir, said the Fox, discover not my

The most subtile do sometimes extreamly over-shoot themselves in discovering their Secrets; as here the *Fox* did.

my true Name to any one. No, no, quoth Grimlook, I am not such a blab of my Tongue, but if my Cosin should ask your Name, what answer shall I make? Tell him, quoth Reynardine, my name is Shifter. That I will said the Mastiff, and so they parted for that time. On the morrow morning early the Fox failed not to meet Grimlook at the Monastery Gate. To him Grimlook the Mastiff (after mutual Salutations) said, now Sir Shifter, I will go in and speak with my Cosin first, and afterward bring him out to you, then you may speak your mind. So Grimlook went in (not through the Gate, but by a privy Passage, known only by his Cosin and himself, and acquainted his Cosin who was without telling all he had heard, and naming his first, and also his second Name, but with this charge, Be sure you mention not his Name Reynardine, but Shifter only. Brindle promised this, but intended nothing less: for he took this to be a design of Grimlook's, to worm him out of his Office; well knowing how Reynardine was hated in the Monastery, and should he be a means to introduce him by a feigned Name, it would certainly occasion his own Exclusion. But he having never seen Reynardine, was very willing to go out to see him, that he might know him another time. Accordingly he did so, not forgetting to salute him by the name of Sir Shifter, withal telling the Fox he was throughly informed (by his Cosin Grimlook) of his parts and worth, and would therefore in his behalf intercede for him, with several of the Senior Monks of his Acquaintance, that he might be admitted into the House as he desired, for his probations according to custom. The Fox humbly thanked him, asking him when he should wait upon him again. Brindle answered, a little before Supper in the Evening, then will be a very fit time. The Fox promised to come

at

at the time appointed, and Brindle took his leave of them both, and returning into the Monastery, plotting and contriving how he might best enervate this supposed Treachery of his Cosin Grimlook. The Fox in the mean while, hoping himself now sure of Admittance by Brindles means, heartily thanks Grimlook, promising to Reward him highly, so soon as he should be in a Capacity to perform the same: Grimlook supposing he had done the Business to Reynardines content, took his leave and departed. Reynardine also hoping to Sup in the Monastery, took no further care, than for a good Breakfast, which having obtained, he gave himself to rest, till the Evening was come. But Brindle in the meam time was very diligent to acquaint first one, and then another, of his Cosin Grimlook's base intent (as he called it) to introduce Reynardine the Fox, by the name of Shifter; withal adding, that he believed it to be no other then a design of his Cosin's, purposely to make him odious in the Monastery, that he himself might be admitted again into his Office. They hearing this, told the Prior of it, who commanded that such as formerly knew Reynardine, should attend in the Evening, when he came, and give him Notice. They did so, and when Reynardine came in the Evening, they knew him not; but after they understood, by Brindle's Information, how (by his own Confession to Grimlook) he had maimed himself, and desired to be admitted as another Person, by a feigned Name, they called him Villain, and drove him away from the Gate, in presence of the Prior himself, who commanded the same. Then did Brindle, who loved not his Cosin Grimlook, shew the Prior that privy Passage (made by his Cosin and himself) through which Grimlook was wont might and morning to enter the Monastery; affirming (tho falsely) that Grimlook made it by force, which he

might well do, being much Stronger than himself, as he said. The Prior hearing this (after he had severely checked Brindle for concealing this Mischief so long) ordered that privy Passage to be presently stopped, and Grimlook the Mastiff to be never more admitted within the Monastery, under any pretence whatsoever. This Recompence he had for endeavouring to assist the Fox.

CHAP. XVI.

The *Fox* returns again to the Forrest in *Feraria*, where he (as a Stranger) is entertained in the Lord *Sly-look's* Service, by the name of *Crabron*: he gains the Love of his Lord, *&c.*

THe Fox extreamly disturbed at his so shameful repulse, knew not what to do; but instead of suspecting Grimlook, he extreamly doubted his present Disguise was not sufficient. For he well knew Grimlook to be a greedy, covetous and gluttenous Beast; therefore could not think he would ever discover him, but rather Act clean contrary. Notwithstanding all this, he travelled that Night as far from the Monastery as he could, to avoid further danger, which he fearfully suspected. On the Morrow, the Sun shining clear, at every Pond or clear standing Water he came to, he viewed himself by the Suns Reflection, and finding his Disguise very sufficient as he thought, he blamed the Malice of Fortune only; imputing his late disappointment solely to her Envy, and to no other Cause. Therefore he resolved to leave that Countrey, hoping he would prove more propitiously favourable to him elsewhere. In pursuance of this Resolution, he Travelled hard that day, till he was got a pretty

a pretty way into the Kingdom of Zalap. But being there, he found less safety than before, for all the Hunting-Dogs that saw him, wondring at the strangeness of his Form, were the more eager to pursue him; and had undoubtedly seized him, had he not used the Policy of speedy retiring into some of those secret recesses Brocket the Badger shewed him. Wherefore perceiving the great danger he lived in, he resolved whatsoever the Success should be, once again to adventure into his own Countrey. Accordingly he did so, and when he first entered there, it was his good Fortune to meet with Brocket the Badger, who (not knowing him) enquired his Countrey and Parentage: but after he understood who he was, he was more than ordinarily careful to preserve his Friend Reynardine from all dangers whatsoever; and accordingly told him, he must not too rashly adventure to Discover himself; telling him if he intended to keep out of Harms way, he must only say he was a Stranger, and no more. Reynardine hearing this, took his Counsel, and (whensoever asked) said he was a Stranger, but of what Countrey none could learn, for he would not tell them: resolving never to discover himself to any. For he now found by Experience, that his Disguise was sufficient, and having told his Name and Parentage to none, except his Friend Brocket, he thought all was well: but he was greatly mistaken; for Gibbrel the Cat lying behind an Hedge, over-heard all the Discourse between Brocket and Reynardine, of whom he also had a full view. However Gibbrel at that time took little Notice of it (because he could not believe his own Eyes) until afterward, as in the following Chapters we intend to shew. Brocket the Badger walking with Reynardine onward of his way toward the Forrest, asked him what Course of Life he intended to lead for the future? To this the Fox Answered,

Answered truly Colin I am not yet fully resolved what to do. If I should again presume to Practice Physick, I fear that will not be safe. You must by no means (Colin) entertain any thoughts of re-assuming that Profession, said the Badger; but rather pretend to be wholly Ignorant of every Science, and present your self only as a Servant, not otherwise. So doing you will undoubtedly be safe, and may afterward rise to good Fortune, as many others have done, especially if you can get into the Service of some Eminent Lord. The Fox hearing this, resolved to follow that Course of Life; and therefore gave Brocket thanks for his good advice. By this time they were got within Sight of the Forrest, then the Badger admonished the Fox further thus: Colin Reynardine, I have but two things more to Advise you of, and then I shall leave you; for 'tis high time. The first is, that if ever you meet me in any part of the Forrest, you take no more notice of me, than of a Stranger you never saw before: I will do the like by you. If this Rule be exactly observed by us, I shall always be in a Capacity to serve you in a time of need, otherwise cannot. The second thing is, that you invent and assume to your self a new Name (as formerly you did) not before heard of or known in the Forrest, and above all, be sure never to mention your Fathers Name, your Brothers Name, or your own, whatsoever you shall hear related of them, or of your self by any one, that either knew, or hath heard of your Father, or any of your Family. Thus doing, Colin, I doubt not but you may live safe and free from danger, and in time mend your Condition very much: for I know you are both witty and ingenious. Having said this, the Badger took his leave, shook hands with the Fox, and so left him. The Fox (returning like Salutations, with thanks) went on his way toward the Forrest, resolving to assume the Name Crabron: there-

fore

foꝛe henceforth we shall call him Crabron the Fox. After some few hours Travel, he entered the Foꝛrest a little befoꝛe Sun-set. Here Crabron the Foꝛ was much wondred at, by reason of the strangeness of his Foꝛm. Some of the Beasts of the Foꝛrest, whom the Foꝛ well knew to have been his quondam Patients, demanded his Name and Countrey. His Name (he told them) was Crabron, but his Countrey was so far off, that should he tell it them, they would be never the better, noꝛ could they come to that Countrey in less than a year and a halfs Travel. After this manner he Answered all, not only that Night, but ever afterward. The next Moꝛning, purposing in his heart the death of the Loꝛd Sly-look the Panther, he went directly to his Palace, as if he had come thither by chance, and not purposely. When there, he knocked, and asked to speak with his Honour the Loꝛd Sly-look. The Moꝛter answered he was not yet stirring, but (being himself taken with the strangeness of his Shape and Foꝛm) he would acquaint his Loꝛd, that an Outlandish Beast was there to speak with him. Accoꝛdingly the Moꝛter went to his Loꝛd, and told him, that at the Gate was a very strange Outlandish Beast (he supposed some Foꝛrain Ambassadoꝛ) that desired to speak with him. The Old Loꝛd (who himself also loved Novelties) hearing this, commanded he should be bꝛought in. When Crabron the Foꝛ came into the Loꝛd Sly-look's Chamber, he bowed to him with great Reverence, and spake as follows:

Simple Persons give simple Judgment what they see, or hear.

My Lord,

After my Travel, long and tedious (foꝛ I was above a year and a half in my Journey, from my Native Countrey to this place) I am now come into this happy Kingdom, the fame of which was often, by my quondam Tutoꝛ, related to me in my Infancy. This my Tutoꝛ was Native of this Land, as my Parents frequently told

told me, who could never believe it was so vastly distant from ours, as I now by proper Experience find it is. Of him I learned your Language, whilst very Young. This is the true Reason I pronounce it so distinctly, without hesitation or other deficiency, incident to Forrainers learning any strange Speech. My Tutor and Parents dying, I was left sole Possessor of much Wealth, which I converted into Jewels of great Price, easily portable, and then with a Servant attending me, resolved to visit this famous Kingdom: with the sight of which my Eyes are now sufficiently blessed. But, that which should here have made me an happy & most welcome Guest (my great Treasure I mean) was barbarously taken from me by Thieves, and my Servant (because he stoutly Fought to defend both me & mine) cruelly murthered. Thus was I, most Noble Lord, through over much Curiosity, reduced to extream Necessity: Therefore am now hither come humbly to pray the protection of so excellent a Patron, as your Lordship, whose Servitor I would gladly be, in any Servile Office how mean soever; and in order hereunto, do humbly prostrate my self at your Honour's feet, wishing continual Prosperity and a Long-life to your Lordship.

The Panther (otherwise called Lord Sly-look) hearing this supposed Stranger speak so well, and wondring at his uncouth and strange Shape, answered him thus: Our most Heroick King, and we his Servants (taught by his Example) have always shewed our selves Courteous to Strangers; therefore I will in no wise deny your Request: but am very sorry that at this time I cannot prefer you according to your Education and Worth, hereafter I may. In the mean while I do admit you to serve at large in my House, till some further occasion of Advanceing you, shall present it self; which I will not fail to take, if I see you worthy and deserving,

as

as if you answer your own Education, and my present Thoughts) I doubt not but I shall. The Fox very submissively bowing himself to the Panther, said, Honourable Lord, I am not ambitious of Greatness, I only desire a mean Living under so worthy a Patriot as your Lordship; of whose good Nature and Vertue I have heard so much (in this little time I have been in these Parts) that to be but a Skullion in your Kitchin, I shall account a mighty favour. The Panther hearing this, said, What is thy Name? My Name quoth the Fox, is Crabron, which is the Ancient Name of our Family. All our Ancestors were so called, with little or no alteration, for Five hundred years past, as was apparent by very Ancient Deeds my Father had in his Custody at the hour of his Death; which Deeds I sold to purchase those Jewels before-mentioned. You have said enough, said the Lord Sly-look, abide here, and be ready always to perform what I shall command, and it will suffice. The Kitchin is too mean a place for you, you shall have an Office fit for you, so soon as it falls. So the Fox accordingly abode in the Lord Sly-looks house, wherein he shewed himself so obsequious to his Lord, and so respectful to all his fellow Servants, that he not only obtained the Love of his Lord, but of his whole Family also.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Crabron the Fox, being preferred to wait on his Lord in his Chamber, most Traitorously Poysons him: afterward so hippocritically laments his Death, that the King makes him one of his Purveyors.

IN this good favour and liking of the Panther, the Fox lived for three or four Months: then it happened that his Lords Chief Servitor, who waited on him in his Chamber, and went always abroad with him, was preferred to serve the King himself. This opportunity the Lord Sly-look the Panther, according to his promise before made to Crabron the Fox, failed not to take for the promotion of his supposed Outlandish Servitor. Therefore calling the Fox to him, he thus spake, Crabron, I now purpose, as I before promised, to advance you to the Office of my Chief Servant, who this day leaves his Place for a more honourable Office at Court. I expect you will prove as faithful & diligent as he was; if so, you will find me hereafter ready to prefer you, as I have done him. The Fox hearing this, said, Honourable Lord, you shall never, I hope, have occasion to think your immense favours conferred on me ill bestowed. I have the same hope, said the Panther, therefore follow me. Accordingly the Fox followed his Lord to Court that very day; where he was gazed on by all, but known by none. Then in the Evening he waited on him in his Chamber, lying there all Night, on a Bed of Straw purposely made for that purpose. In this Office he pleased his Lord extreamly, so that he had thoughts of preferring him (by the Kings favour) to some publick profitable Imployment: and this he had done, had he not been prevented by Sickness. For not long after

he

he thought of the Fox's Advancement, he contracted to himself a violent Surfeit by over-much eating at a Feast. Upon which Dr. Asino the Ass was sent for; who first of all prescribed a Vomitory Potion, then a Purge, and lastly ordered a Vein to be opened, and a large quantity of Blood drawn out: All which was done, but to no purpose. For, tho his Body was very much weakened by those Evacuations, yet the load and burthen at his Stomach lay still unremoved. Herenpon this Ass Doctor, being at a Non-plus, fancied a Diet-drink, compounded of many and various Herbs might do the work: for he thus thought with himself, perhaps some one or more of the Ingredients will do the feat. Therefore he upon this conceit, presently told the Lord Sly-look, that he had now thought of a Medicine that would certainly cure him. This sounded well in the sick Panthers ear; but fearing to take any more Purgers or Vomits, he spake to the Ass thus: Dr. Asino, in what Form will you give me this Medicine? If it Purges, or Vomits, 'twill certainly kill me. O no, my Lord, quoth the Ass, I will not give you any thing to Purge or Vomit, but a pleasing Diet-drink, which shall remove the Load at your Stomach, and cure your Lordship with ease, speed and safety. I pray thee (said the Panther) make haste and get it ready, for I am Heart-sick; how is it you thought not of this Medicine no sooner? O my Lord, said the Ass, had I given this Medicine before those necessary Evacuations you have undergone, I should have Acted like an Ass indeed, and done your Lordship more hurt than good. Say no more, quoth the Panther, but get it me with speed. So away went the Ass into the Sick Lords Garden, and there gathered (or rather caused Crabron the Fox to gather) of almost every Herb, there growing one handful, all which he commanded the Fox to infuse in two Gallons of Spring Water, and

Ignorant Persons are always most Confident.

set the infusion in the Sun all that day. The Fox did so, and in the mean while the Ass went his way, promising to return early the next Morning, to prescribe the Dose, that should be given to his Lord. When the Ass was gone, the Fox craves leave of his Lord, to have the Charge of that Diet-drink, and that none other of his Lords Servitors, or any other Person, might touch it, or come near the place where it was: for said he, your Lordships Life is dearer to me than my own, and I am shrewdly suspicious least one or other, either through Ignorance or Malice, should add to, or diminish ought of the Ingredients, so well ordered by the Doctor and by that means some irreparable Damage to your Lordship follow. Besides my Lord, said he, in the heat of the day, Spiders, or other venomous Insects, may creep into the Diet-drink, and being there drowned, infect the same with their Venome; and so your Lordship shall most unhappily take Poyson instead of a Remedy. You speak well, said the Panther, it shall be as you desire, I leave the ordering of this Diet-drink wholly to your Care, which, so soon as I can recover Health, I will largely Recompence. Having said this, he presently commanded that none of his Servants should meddle with, or come near that Infusion, except Crabron only. The Fox having gained this point, resolves now (seeing so fair an Occasion offer it self) no longer to defer the Execution of his malicious intent. Therefore, because he well observed the Ass purposely to omit gathering of Henbane, Wolfsbane, and other Poysonous Herbs, growing in several parts of the same Garden, knowing that Diet-drink would do his Lord little hurt, if it did him no good; he resolved to make an Addition, as would render the Infusion Poysonous enough to dispatch him out of the way quickly. Accordingly, when night came (for his pretended Care was such, that he watched

Its dangerous trusting to the over Officiousness of Strangers.

watched all Night) he took six great Toads, and crushing out all their Moisture, put that into the Infusion: and (to prevent the Discovery) buried their empty Carcases in the Earth that Night. When Morning came, the Ass Doctor failed not to come according to promise, to prescribe the Dose, which after so much of the Clear Liquor was poured from the Herbs) he ordered should be thirty Ounces, or thereabout. This deadly Dose, the Ass supposing no fraud in Crabron the Fox, administred to his Lord, who greedily swallowed all, to the great content of Dr. Asino, who promised perfect Recovery after the taking it three or four times at farthest. The Ass was not gone far from the Gate, before the Panther's Stomach was extreamly Pained and he began to swell all over, but at length Vomiting extreamly his Swelling abated somewhat. Nevertheless, by reason of his Age, and the great weakness of his Body, his Strength being before too much exhausted by the former Evacuations, the quick spreading Venome (maugre all the Ass could do) so impaired his Vitals, that in a few hours after, he miserably died. When dead, the Fox in the presence of many, fetched a deep, but feigned Sigh, and said, O my Dear Lord, I wish to our great Goddess Fortune I had died for you. But why do I speak to the Dead, who cannot now reap any benefit by my fruitless wishes! To you, that are here alive and present with my Dead Lord: I thus say, Had not I my self, by this Reverend Doctors order, made this his last Dose, which I believe was as well compounded, as Galen and Hipocrates (had they both been alive at this time, and here present) could have composed the same; and had I not also, all yesterday, and all the last night, without Sleeping one wink, carefully watched that composition I should have (so unfeignedly did I love my Lord) been too apt to entertain a Jealousie, that

This shews the great Imprudence of those Physicians, who prepare not their own Medicines, or trust to the Preparations of others, of whose Fidelity they never had Experience.

The too common practice of Murderers.

ſome falſe play had been played, by ſome malicious and wicked Enemy of his: but I am now throughly ſatisfied, that no ſuch thing was. All that can be ſaid is this; My Lords Body was too weak to ſuſtain the Operation of ſo powerful a Remedy; otherwiſe he had undoubtedly been in a way of Recovery by this time. The Aſs hearing the Fox thus ſpeak, was glad at his heart, and then taking Courage: ſaid, Sirs I am throughly perſwaded in my mind, that my Lord's time was fully come. Againſt death there is no Antidote. Sir Crabron hath Acted the part of a true and faithful Servant, and I have done as becomes a juſt and honeſt Phyſician. My Lord is indeed dead, yet I am ſure he died according to Art. The By-ſtanders, being the Deceaſed Lord's Kindred and Servants, who all hoped to be Profited by his Death (more or leſs) ſaid, they believed no leſs, and it would be great wickedneſs in any to aſperſe either of them upon that Account. The Aſs well ſatisfied in what he heard, took his leave of them, and went home. The Fox would not ſtir from the Dead Body, but lay in a Melancholy poſture by it, as if he had been a true Mourner indeed, tho all was but Hypocricy. Yet becauſe he had been his Lord's Chief Servitor, his advice was taken about the Funeral, which was ſolemnized two days after, with ſuitable Pomp. When the Corps was buried, Crabron the Fox (who was wont every Morning after his Lord's death, to rub his Eyes with an Onion) would lie upon the Grave, refuſing to eat or drink all the day; and if he had occaſion to Piſs or eaſe his Belly, he would be ſure to go a good diſtance from the Grave to do it. This Courſe he held day by day, for more than twenty days after his Lords Interment. During which time, moſt of the Beaſts of the Foreſt came to ſee him; all admiring his great Love and Affection to his Deceaſed Lord. The King himſelf hear-

The Old Excuſe of Ignorant Phyſicians.

Hypocrites and Paraſities often proſper the beſt.

ing

ing of this, was wondrous desirous to have such a Servant, therefore the two and twentieth day after the Panther's Burial, he sent for him, and then greatly commending his (supposed true) Fidelity to his Lord, made him one of his Purveyors. In which Office he behaved himself very well, to the great content of the King.

CHAP. XVIII.

Crabron the Fox, now one of the Purveyors to the King, is first visited by *Gibbrel* the Cat, whom he draws into a Snare and kills, least he should Discover him. Afterward *Grimlock* the Mastiff is, for the same Cause, by him betrayed to Death.

But before he had been full two Months in this Office, Gibbrel the Cat, hearing his Name, remembred the Discourse he heard between him and Brocket the Badger; and because he then saw him, he doubted not, but (seeing him once again) he should know him; and then, his being acquainted with the Fox, he judged would not a little conduce to his own benefit. Therefore he resolved to go to him, and accordingly did, very early one Morning, and espying the Fox at his Lodging door, he knew him to be the same Person he saw discourring with Brocket the Badger; and for that Cause very confidently saluted him thus: Sir Crabron, your Quondam Servitor Gibbrel wisheth you long to hold and possess the Wealth and Prosperity you now enjoy. To which the Fox replied, Friend I am a Stranger in this Kingdom, wherein I have Served, but never kept Servant. Sir said the Cat, I well remember when you and Sir Brocket were talking together, I (lying behind an hedge) heard you discover your self to him, and he also

also advising you not to tell your Name to any one, but say you were a Stranger, and no more. This you know to be true Sir, and I am very sure you are the Lord Reynards Son, and my Old Master Dr. Pedanto. The Fox hearing this, and well knowing that what the Cat said was true, suddenly gave him his hand, saying, Tosin Gibbrel, I perceive you know me. If you can but keep your Tongue between your Teeth, and will not discover me to any one, you shall find me a true and constant Friend; but should you at any time disclose who I am, you will utterly ruin both me and your self. I'll warrant you Sir Crabron, said the Cat, no one in the whole Kingdom shall ever know who you are for me. Well then, quoth the Fox, come to me too Morrow about Noon, and I will provide you a good Dinner; this day I cannot, because it is my day to look after the Kings Provision. The Cat hearing this, very joyfully took his leave, and went his way. The next day about Noon he failed not to visit the Fox again, who entertained him very lovingly: said, Tosin Gibbrel, I spake to you yesterday about keeping Silence; remember what befel to Zani the Ape for being too Lavish of his Tongue. I hope you will be wiser than he proved: yet there is very great difference between him and you. What he did was in spight to me, if you betray me, your own folly (not spight) will ruin you. Having said this, he Feasted him plentifully, and then appointed him to come two days after. This Course of Feasting the Cat once in two or three days, the Fox continued so long, till he grew weary of his Guest, whom he always feared would Discover him; therefore to put an end to this fear, he contrived his Ruin in the following manner. The Fox well knowing the Cat's extream fancy for Mice, above all other Meat in the World, told him that hitherto he had not entertained him so well, as he would have done

done because he wanted opportunity: but now he was in a capacity to make him a Feast indeed. The Cat hearing this, said to the Fox, Sir Crabron, what sort of Meat do you intend to have? Why Cosin, quoth the Fox, I remember when you Served me, I heard you say you loved Mice better than all other Dainties whatsoever: therefore I resolve to make you a Feast of that sort of Meat only. But I cannot do this at my own House, because (being a Publick Officer) I want that privacy, which will be necessary for us both: For I resolve to be merry with you Cosin. With all my heart Sir, said the Cat. But when shall this Merry-meeting be? To this the Fox replied, The next day after too Morrow, sooner I shall not have leisure. But I forgot to ask you one thing: Cosin had you rather have your Mice living and kill them your self, or ready killed and dr to be eaten? If the place (said the Cat) where they are, be secured so as they cannot escape, I love to kill them my self: for I delight very much in that sport; to me it is the most pleasant pastime in the world. I also, quoth the Fox, would gladly see your nimbleness and dexterity in that Exercise; for I remember well, while my Father lived, he caused your Uncle Tybert one day to shew him how he hunted and caught Mice. Tybert did so (my Brother and I standing by) and in a very short space caught three or four. But the wily craft, subtilty and diligence he used, the admirable nimbleness and agility he shewed, was wonderful to behold: so pleasing a sight in all my life before or since, I never saw. To this Gilbert the Cat said, I doubt not Sir Crabron, but you will find me every way as well accomplished to perform that Exercise, as my Uncle Tybert was. I verily believe it, said the Fox, therefore fail not to come to me at the time appointed, an hour before Noon; because we must go out of the Forrest, at least Ten Furlongs, to the place provided for your Entertainment. Upon this, the Cat took

his

his leave and departed. But when the third day was come, at the hour appointed he failed not to wait upon the Fox, who (after a little stay) conducted him to his place of Entertainment, as he called it. When they came near it, the Cat espied three Mice lying dead on ỹ ground, which the Fox seemed not to see, tho he had purposely laid them there as a Bait that very Morning. Upon the sight of these, Gibbrel the Cat said, Sir Crabron, I suppose we are near the place, for here are three Mice dead. True, said the the Fox, I am apt to think these were accidently killed by my Servants, whom I ordered to stock a close Cave, (we are almost come to) with a good Number of them. They tell me, they have shut up forty living Mice there, which I suppose will be more by far, than you can eat at one time, and occasion sport enough. Yes, yes, Sir, said Gibbrel, if half of them escape there will be sport enough, and more than I can eat said the Cat. By this time they were come to the Cave (for the Cat despised the former dead Mice, in hopes of others of his own killing) in the mouth of which the Fox had craftily laid a Snare; into which the Cat over eagerly thrusting himself, was so intangled thereby, that he could in no wise disintangle himself. Then crying to the Fox for help, he met his Death: for Crabron had most perfidiously provided for this before, having at the Caves mouth laid a great heap of small Stones & Dust, which with his feet he failed not to spurn down upon him, so long as until he Buried both him and the Snare, with which he was caught. Having done this, he stopped up the Caves mouth very firmly, and went his way rejoycing that he had rid himself of so dangerous and troublesome Acquaintance. But this joy of his lasted not long: for that very day (tho the Fox knew it not) Grimlook the Mastiff was come into the Forrest, hoping to live better there, than he had done since his Exclusion out of the

It is a point of great Imprudence to leave a Certainty for an Uncertainty.

the Monastery. After he had stayed ten days in the Forrest, he heard talk of an Outlandish Beast, without Tail or Ears (as they said) that came to great Preferment under the Lord Sly-look, and since his Death was made one of the Kings Purveyors. The Mastiff hearing this, concluded (as truth was) that this was Reynardine the Fox, whom he knew both before and since his Ears were cut; therefore he enquired where he dwelt, and being directed to his House, went to him early in the Morning, as he was advised; and having learned his last assumed Name, saluted him by that, in these or the like Words. Sir Crabron, I joy to see you in so happy a Condition, and my joy is the greater, when I call to mind our former Friendship. Necessity brought me into this famous Countrey, where I had hopes to live better than before; but being a Stranger, I see little likelyhood thereof, unless assisted by your Worships bounty. The Fox at first sight of Grimlook was extreamly troubled, but knowing his violent and furious Nature; he durst not shew him any Discountenance, least it should turn to his own Ruin. Therefore (tho not without great dissimulation) he very courteously embraced him, and said: Sir Grimlook, you are a very welcome Guest to me at this time, I being now in a Capacity to requite you for all your kindness. I pray come in, and partake of such Provisions as I have. Then the Mastiff entred the Fox's Lodging, where he had a very good Breakfast. After they had done eating, the Fox told him, that as soon as he could have an Opportunity, he would speak to the King, who was a great Lover of Strangers, to prefer him to some profitable Imployment; if he would be sure not to discover him to any one in the mean while. Fox, said he, there are none in this Kingdom (tho it be my Native Countrey) that know me. To this the Mastiff Answered, Sir Crabron, you shall never find

Qui nescit dissimulare nescit vivere, an old and true *Maxim*; especially when it relates to vicious Livers, who keep up their Repute by Dissimulation.

me a blab of my Tongue, but as secret as your own Heart. Be but my Friend Sir, and I'll warrant you I shall never be your Enemy. Your Friend I will be as long as I have breath, said the Fox. But I pray, good Sir Grimlook come hither to Dinner too Morrow at Noon, I shall have but ordinary cheer then, yet in a day or two, I hope to make you a Feast to your content. I humbly thank your Worship, said the Mastiff, I will wait on you too Morrow without fail. Having said this, he went his way. The Fox from that hour consulting his Death, resolved to Feast him as he hath done Gibbrel the Cat; but because he feared his huge bulk, great strength, and natural fierceness, he concluded, that no Snare he could contrive or make, would be sufficient to hold him. Therefore he thought of another way to Murder him, which was as follows. He well knew, in a little Grove, not above one Furlong distant from the Forrest, was a very deep Well (formerly made by Men) the mouth of which he himself covered with Reeds, Boughs, Leaves, and earth thinly spread over all so, that it seemed a pretty even Plat of solid Ground. Upon this false covering of the Wells-Mouth (which the Fox well knew to be too weak to hold the weight of Grimlook's Body) the third day in the Morning, an hour before the time he expected his coming, he laid several Marrow-bones round about the Covering, and in the very midst one large Bone with much meat on it, which he knew the Mastiff would chiefly covet: Having done this, he hastens home, immediately after he was come home, the Mastiff came, whom he saluted thus: Sir Grimlook, I have this day provided a Banquet for you; such as I am sure you will be well content with; for the Banquet will consist chiefly of Marrow-bones, which I have heard you often say are the most pleasant of all meats. Besides you have told me, that you took great

Policy exceeds Strength.

Banquets are too often used, as necessary *Prodromes* to Treason and Murder.

pleasure

pleaſure in picking of Bones: therefore I cauſed my Servants to lay no Bones there where you are to dine, but ſuch as had good ſtore of Meat on them. The place where this Banquet is, ſtands not above one Furlong diſtant from the South-ſide of the Foreſt; I hope Sir, you will not think much to go ſo far. So far! quoth the Maſtiff, I hope your Worſhip takes me not for a Lazy Beaſt. I'll aſſure you Sir Crabron, whatever others think of me, I never refuſed to take pains for my Living; and can you now think I will (through Idleneſs) refuſe ſo fair an offer? Nay, Sir Grimlook, ſaid the Fox, I do not in the leaſt queſtion your Diligence and Care to live; for I know that is very great. I only ſpake ſo, becauſe I could not with Conveniency prepare this Banquet at home. But, that I may detain you no longer, I pray let us go. The Fox having ſaid this, went out of doors, and the Maſtiff followed him. When they came into the Grove, and were very near this Treacherous Banquet, the Fox (that he might do his buſineſs to purpoſe) ſpake to the Maſtiff thus: Sir Grimlook, here is the Banquet I promiſed you; before you have done eating, my Servants will bring Wine enough and then we will be merry together. But ſuppoſe here were a great Company of your kindred or others, and a Reward ſhould be promiſed to him that won the middlemoſt Bone from all the reſt, how would you go to work to win that? Shew me that Sir Grimlook and you will pleaſe me extreamly. That I will Sir preſently, ſaid the Maſtiff, and having ſaid this, immediately leaps to catch at the middlemoſt Bone, which he no-ſooner touched but that and all the other, together with himſelf, fell down to the bottom of the Well, where he was very quickly ſtifled with the Mud and Water, to the great pleaſure and content of the Fox.

CHAP. XIX.

Brindle the Maſtiff enters the Forreſt, and ſeeing *Crabron*, knows him to be *Reynardine*, whom he at length accuſeth before the King; but through his own indiſcretion is committed to Priſon, and there Poyſoned by the Fox.

WHo now thought all was well, and promiſed to himſelf Halcion days, and a continued ſeries of Tranquility and Peace during Life. For now ſaid he, to himſelf) it is no longer in the power of Fortune to expoſe me to Miſery, by the Malice of my Adverſaries. This hath certainly happened to me, through my great Willingneſs to perform my Fathers Will and Command. For thoſe two perfidious Lords, that put a ſtop to the Progreſs of his growing Greatneſs, and were the ſole and only occaſion of his Death, and of mine and my Brothers Ruin, died by my hand; not ſo ſoon as they deſerved, but ſo ſoon as 'twas poſſible for me to effect the ſame. As for theſe two inconſiderable Gluttonous Beaſts, by my Contrivance alſo done to Death; neither of them died for any ill will I bore them, but for the preſervation of my own Life, which Nature teacheth all Creatures to endeavour. More he would have ſaid, but was interrupted, by the ſight of Brindle the Maſtiff, who (being come into the Forreſt but the day before) ſeeing him, knew him, and therefore ſaluted him thus: Worthy Sir Sbifter, I am glad to ſee you in this place, where I know no body elſe. No nor me neither, ſaid the Fox, for I am not the Perſon you take me to be, nor do I know any of that Name. I am ſure Sir, quoth Brindle, if my Eyes deceive me not,

Evil men frequently paliate their Evil Deeds, with pretence of Juſtice, and Self-preſervation.

See the 15th Chapter.

not, if your Name be not Shifter (as in truth I think it is not) your Name is Reynardine. No nor that neither, said the Fox; for my true Name (if you would needs know it) is Crabron. Hereupon Brindle the Mastiff thinking he was mistaken, went his way, and said no more. The Fox glad at his heart he had so deluded him, went home very well pleased. Yet after he had considered the matter, he was jealous that Grimlook and he had conversed together, since Brindle came into the Forrest: but this his jealousie soon ended, after he understood that he had indeed enquired for Grimlook, but never saw him. In the mean while Brindle the Mastiff lived poorly in the Forrest, and for many days after, never so much as thought of Crabron the For. But one day being in Company of others, whilst he passed by, he then asked them who he was, and they answered, it was Sir Crabron one of ỹ King's Chief Purveyors. To this Brindle (smiling) said, Sirs surely this is Reynardine the Fox, or else I am much mistaken. They tell him Reynardine was a Traitor, Native of that Countrey; but Crabron was a Stranger; born in the furthest part of the World, and highly in the Kings favour; therefore he must have a care what he said. This Company Brindle left, and a little after falls into the Company of Ferox the Tyger, who was very Aged, but extreamly ambitious; to him he tells his tale, what he thought of Crabron the Purveyor, and gives his reason for it. This news pleased the Tyger not a little, who at that time fancied to himself no less than a Lord-ship, for revealing to the King so important a Secret; therefore he promised to go with Brindle the Mastiff the next day to Court and help him to the Speech of the King. So they parted for that time. But, after the Old Tyger had well considered the danger of accusing one of the Kings Servitors, upon the bare Say So of a Stranger, he resolved

not

not to meddle any further in that matter. Nevertheless the next Morning Brindle came to him, expecting he would go with him to Court, as he had promised: but the Tyger put him off, saying, he was not then at leisure, but would go with him after Noon. When Afternoon came, he feigned himself somewhat indisposed, telling the Mastiff if he came about Sun-set he would (sick or well) go with him. But coming then, the Tyger told him the matter was difficult, and he would not meddle with it. Hereupon Brindle was in a great rage, and calling the Tyger Coward, threw down his Glove and challenged him. Ferox the Tyger, who (tho Old) was every way as haughty as the Mastiff was Choleriek, accepted the Challenge, and appointed a certain hour the next Morning, in a Meadow at the East-end of the Forrest. But the next day being an High Festival, the King (who had notice of this intended Duel) early in the Morning sent for them both. For he feared some great Uproar would happen, on such a day, by reason of that Duel. When they came before the King, he first enquired the Cause of their Difference, which, when he well understood, he sent a Messenger for Crabron his Purveyor: but afterward, he extreamly blamed the Tygers Rashness to accept of a Challenge from a Stranger. But when the Fox was come, he asked Brindle, what ground he had to think, or imagine, his Purveyor Crabron to be Reynardine the Fox. Upon this the Mastiff said, If it be your Majesties pleasure to hear me, I will declare the Truth. Speak on said the King, you shall be heard: Then Brindle the Mastiff spake as follows. About a year since, Reynardine the Fox came to our Monastery of Manton, of which I then understood he had formerly been a Member, and I (when he came that second time, was Porter of the same Monastery: one Grimlook a Mastiff was my Predecessor in the same Office,

fice, (I hear) is at this time, or hath very lately been in the Forrest. He can witness to the Truth of all I shall say. He it was that brought Reynardine to me, which Name he told me was his true Name, but he desired to be called by the Name of Shifter; having (as Grimlook told me) for several Misdemeanors been expelled the Monastery. But afterward, that he might be again admitted (for which purpose I was made use of as an Instrument) he feigned himself to be an other Person, and assumed to himself the Name of Shifter: and to the end he might not be known there as Grimlook told me) he caused his Tail and Ears to be cut off, before I saw him. This is the very Truth, Great Sir. Then the King thus spake to the Fox, Crabron, here is one tells me a strange Tale of you, I wish it be not true. To this the Fox, after low Obeysance to the King said, If your Majesty gives Credit to the Words of this Idle Vagabond, who all the ways he can shuns Labour, and because he hates Pains-taking, makes it his business to forge Lies, and invent false Accusations, that he may rise by the ruin of others, I am indeed utterly undone; but how unjustly time will manifest. For this odious and most pestilent Villain (I hope your Majesty will pardon these rude Expressions; 'tis zeal to Justice makes me thus to speak) with great Impudence, and no less falshood, did not Blush to tell me to my face, that I had been a Member of a Monastery I never saw, or heard of before, and that my Name was Shifter, Reynardine, and whatsoever his Malice or Envy could invent. Here he was interrupted by Brindle, who (not considering where, or in whose presence it was) without endeavouring to confute Crabron's Lies, giving too much sway to his own passion, violently flew upon the Fox, and would at that instant have killed him, had not the Lord Firrapel the Libbard, and Ferox the Tyger suddenly

Inconsiderate Rashness hath Ruined many.

denly taken him off by force. The King seeing this, committed the Mastiff to Prison: saying, When he is less Cholerick he shall be heard. The Officers haste to hurry the Mastiff away to Prison, pleased the Fox not a little. But after Brindle was carried away, the King spake to the Fox, saying, Crabron, here is a Stranger like your self (for you have always told us you are such) if he, when his Passion is over, can prove what he hath said, what shall we think of you? Most Noble Prince, said the Fox, if this Caitiff can prove a title of what he hath falsely affirmed, let me die the worst of deaths: For I am as Innocent as any Whelp newly born. I hope so, said the King, therefore go your way, and let the great Goddess Fortune keep you innocent. Hereupon the Fox shewing great Reverence to the King, departed with a pleasant Countenance. But resolved, if possible, to put an end to the Mastiffs life: for he well knew, if he were a second time heard, the King would give ear to his Words, Maugre all credit he himself could say to the contrary. Therefore he contrived his Death that very day, in manner following: He well knowing Arsenick or Rats-bane (as 'tis commonly called) would effect the business to purpose, put that into a Bowl of Fresh-broth, which smelt well. When Night came, the Fox putting on a Servitors Livery, went to the Keeper, whom he himself (by another Person) had designedly made to drink high, not long before, and (having put a Stone in his Mouth to alter his Speech) said, Sir Jailor, my Lord commanded me to carry this Mess to the Stranger, that was this day committed by the King himself. Upon this the Keeper, supposing him some Lords Servant, opened him the Prison door, and directed him to the Prisoners Lodging. When he came there, the Keeper being not with him, he spake to the Mastiff thus: Sir Stranger, my Honoured

Master

Master the Lord Pantaloo, the Kings only Cosin, hearing of your Imprisonment, was very sorry; therefore so soon as he heard of it, he Commanded me to bring you this Supper, and withal bid me tell you, that on the Morrow, he will send you a good Breakfast, and after that plead your Cause before the King, to the utter Ruin of your Enemy Crabron, whom he verily believes to be a Counterfeit, and other Courtiers, who resolve to second my Lord in your defence, are of the same mind. Therefore Sir, be of good cheer, and eat what I have brought. The Gallick hearing this, said, I thank you Sir, whoever you are, and I pray in my Name, return my hearty thanks to your Lord, and tell him, I doubt not (if his Lordship will be pleased to countenance me) to make good my Accusation, to the Satisfaction of the King. Having said this, he greedily eat up the Broath, and delivered the empty Bowl again to the Fox, who carried it away, and (to avoid Discovery) threw it into the Well, wherein he had drowned Grimlook.

CHAP. XX.

The Fox by his Craft, is not Accused for the Murther of *Brindle* the Mastiff: but afterward, to satisfie the Kings Jealousie of him, he is Rackt; and then confesses himself to be *Reynardine*.

CRabron the Fox early the next Morning, after he was assured that Brindle was dead, and before his Death was publickly known, went to Court, and (as soon as was possible) got admittance to the King, to whom after Obeysance made, he thus spake: Most Noble King, I hope your Majesty will this day acquit me of those most false aspersions Brindle the Mastiff (for such I hear that Strangers Name is) cast upon me yesterday in your Royal presence. To this the King said, It will be your part to vindicate your self. Stay you here, and I will give command to bring the Prisoner hither: perhaps his Choler is by this time abated. Hereupon the King immediately sent an Officer to the Jailor, commanding the Prisoner to be brought. When the Officer came to the Prison, the Keeper shewed him the dead body extreamly swollen, and said, Sir this Stranger hath, as I verily believe, by the help of some of his Acquaintance, purposely Poysoned himself, being as I suppose quite mad: for he raved, and was outragious all day yesterday, and would never touch any thing I gave him to eat, but last night, late in the Evening, no sooner did one (to me unknown) bring him a Mess of Broath, but he swallowed that with Greedines; which was undoubtedly the Poyson by which he died. This the Jailor had devised, to excuse his own Negligence, in admitting any one to a Prisoner, without going himself, or sending a Servant with him. Upon this the Office,

ficer ſaid, If it be ſo Sir, it will be your ſafeſt way to haſten to the King, and give him the ſame Account; otherwiſe your own Life may be in danger. The Keeper hearing this, haſtily went with the Officer to Court, and told the ſame Tale before the King without variation. The King asked the Jailor what this unknown Perſon ſaid to the Stranger, when he brought that Poyſonous Broath? Nothing at all, ſaid the Keeper, they had no diſcourſe, only at the Meſſengers firſt coming to the Priſoner, he ſaid, Here's your Supper Sir, and ſpake not a word more, nor did the Priſoner anſwer him at all, but eat up the Broath, and the Meſſenger took away the Meſſel (it was brought in) with him. Great Sir, this is the very Truth, and all I can ſay. The King greatly wondring at the Priſoners ſudden death, concluded ſome Enemy had Poyſoned him, and the Keeper, notwithſtanding what he ſaid, might be privy thereto. Therefore he asked the Keeper, Why he did not of himſelf come to Court, and diſcover the Death of the Priſoner before the Officer came to him? to this he Anſwered, Your Majeſty knows, it is yet very Early: I did this Morning, as every Morning I do, viſit all under my Cuſtody, and having with great horror and grief eſpied the dead and poyſonous Carcaſs of my Outlandiſh Priſoner, my Thoughts were ſo confuſed with that ſudden amazement, that I knew not what to do in ſo great a diſtraction of mind, therefore could not perform my Duty as I ought. But the Officers coming quickly after ſoon rectified the Error I was in: for when I had, as my duty was, ſhewn him the dead body, I made all poſſible ſpeed hither with him. Therefore humbly crave your Majeſties Pardon for omitting my Duty. More he would have ſaid, but the King bad him ſay no more, but go home and ſpeedily bury the dead Carcaſs, leaſt (ſaid he) the Jayl be infected. When the Keeper was gone, the

King also dismissed Crabron; and afterward commanded Brindles Information against him, to be registred. For the King was jealous of his Purveyor Crabron, whom he had resolved to prefer to some more honourable Office, before he heard the Pastils Tale; but having heard that, and this further since happening, was wholly of another mind. Yet, concealing his suspicion, he spake to the Fox as kindly as before. This made Crabron to suppose (as before he had done) that now all was well, and the Monastery could produce no more Witnesses against him. But in this also he was greatly deceived, for the Old Prior of the Monastery being dead, and a new one chosen in his room, this new Prior dismissed Light-foot the Greyhound, and Quick-scent the Lurcher, who had both (from their Infancy) served his Predecessor; because they having never (to their remembrance) lived else where, desired to live abroad, that they might, as they said, know the World. After they had ranged about together for some time, Light-foot left Quick-scent, and travelled into the Kingdom of Feraria, and so into the Forrest. When there, he was admired by all, because of his beauty and comely form; and it was not long (the King hearing of him) before he was sent for to Court. When brought into the Royal Presence, the King asked his Name, and place of Birth. To this the Greyhound Answered, Noble Prince, my Name is Light-foot, but my Birth place I know not; because I was carried very Young into the Monastery of Manton, where I served the Prior himself, until the day of his death. He being dead, I and my Fellow-servant Lurcher, requested the New Prior to be dismissed, that we might Travel and learn the Fashions of the World. He granted our request, and we kept Company together for sometime, till I (being desirous to see this Kingdom, and he not consenting) left him and came hither.

Malefactors are commonly most secure, when neareſt their Ruin.

The

The King hearing him thus ſpake, asked if he knew not one Reynardine, that was a Member of that Society? To this the Greyhound answered, That there was one Reynardine a Member of the Monaſtery, who (being enjoyned Penance for his miſdoing) ran away with his Religious Habit, and a great while after would have been admitted as another Perſon, I have often heard, not only of my Maſter the Prior himſelf, but even of all the Members of that Houſe. But if I ſhould ſee him, I know him not; becauſe I cannot remember I ever ſaw him. When he lived in the Monaſtery, I was too young to remember him; and when he came again Diſguiſed, I could not ſee him, becauſe at that time my Maſter had ſhut me and my fellow in his own Chamber unadviſedly. The King hearing this, ſaid no more; but always after this, entertained greater ſuſpicion of his Purveyor Crabron; yet kept it to himſelf. To Lightfoot the Greyhound, he always ſhewed great kindneſs, but charged him to tell none of his Subjects where he lived. For the King reſolved to underſtand the truth of the matter, but was willing to take time, till further Diſcovery ſhould be made. For he doubted that Lightfoot had learned his Leſſon in the Forreſt, of ſome Enemies of his Purveyor Crabron. But this his doubt was ſoon cleared by the coming of Quick-ſcent the Lurcher, who not long after (being loath to loſe his Old Companion) came into the Forreſt. When there hearing Lightfoot Lodged in the Court, and was highly in the Kings favour, he went directly to his Lodging, and that Night lay with him. On the Morrow Lightfoot brought Lurcher into the Kings preſence, and ſaid, Noble Prince, this was my Fellow-ſervant, Lurcher is his Name, he came into the Forreſt late Yeſterday, and I have now preſumed to preſent him to your Majeſty. You have done well Lightfoot, ſaid the King:

and

and to the Lurcher he also said, Friend, you are welcome, and so shall all Strangers be to me and mine, whilst I live. But I pray thee tell me, since you came from the Monastery of Manton, whether ye knew one Reynardine? To this the Lurcher answered, as Lightfoot had done, more he could not say, being almost of the same Age, and of no longer standing in the Monastery than he had been. Therefore the King spoke to both of them thus: Surely, tho you knew not Reynardine, you could not choose but know Brindle the Mastiff, and his Predecessor Grimlook, that were both Porters of the same House. Yes, say they Great Sir, we knew them very well. Upon the hearing of this, the King said no more, but immediately sent for Crabron the Fox, to confront him with them. In the mean while, he further asked them, What manner of Person Brindle was? To which they gave so plain and true a Description of him, that the King well understood they both told the Truth. Then he believed Brindle's Information to be (every tittle of it) true. Therefore when the Fox came before him, he could no more, as formerly, speak kindly to him; but sternly said, Crabron, I have now good reason to believe that you (if Truth were known) were the sole and only Murtherer of Brindle, also I am now assured that you are Reynardine, Son of that arch Traitor Reynard the Fox. Look upon these two true, and not (like your self) feigned Strangers; these were Contemporaries with you in the Monastery of Manton. They know you well enough, therefore tell me the Truth, and use no more of your Sly Evasions to blind and deceive others, to your own ruin: for their Testimony can in no wise, I dare to say, be disproved by you. What say you to this? The Fox stood mute for some small time, and at length thus spake: Dread Soveraign, I am very sorry your Majesty should entertain so evil an Opinion of me,

me, as in any wise to suspect my fidelity, or to suppose me what I am not. I never saw one of these Persons till this very time I came into your Majesties presence, nor ever did I see, or had knowledge of the other, till I saw him here in Court. I know not what either of them can say of me, Brindle they may indeed have known, because they were in the same House with him, but 'tis impossible they should either of them have known me before they came hither, nor was I ever in their Countrey, therefore could not possibly see or know their Monastery. I hope your Majesty will not give credit to the false Testimony of Strangers, and New-comers, against one of your Majesties most faithful Servants, tho a Stranger also. And as for the Death of Brindle, I know no more of that, than doth a Young-suckling-Beast. Well then, said the King, if it be so, that all I have said will not make you speak Truth, I will try what Torments can do. Having said this, he immediately commanded four of the stoongest Servitors about the Court to take up Crabron, two of them by his Arms, and the other two by his Legs: and with all their strength to draw four several ways, till they had disjoynted his Limbs. They take him up, as the King commanded; but the Device being new, and they themselves fearful, each supposed he drew more than his fellow, and so used not half their strength. Nevertheless Crabron fearing they would indeed disjoynt his Limbs, and so he should be enforced to live Miserably for some short time, and then unavoidably die a shameful Death cried out extreamly, and with a feigned, low and faint voice, said, Reynardine dies. The King hearing this, commanded them to leave him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Reynardine committed to Prison, after his Confession makes his escape in the Night, and goes into *Pit-wood*, where he lies concealed for some time; but the Pranks he there played, soon discover him.

WHen they had left him, he lay groaning, as if he had been Tormented indeed, whereas in Truth he was not hurt. Nevertheless, to deceive the King, and that he might not be Fettered, as Murtherers and Traitors are wont to be, he feigned he could not stir hand or foot. The King not discerning his Dissimulation, took pitty of him, and commanded he should be carried carefully to Prison; and there laid without any Fetters, upon a bed of Straw. Also the King would have sent for a Leech, to apply Plaisters to his joynts; but Reynardine (as now we shall always call him) hearing the King speak of sending for him, said, Dread Soveraign, if I lie without Fetters, I am sure my Limbs will better heal of themselves, than by the help of any Leech. The King knowing that the Fox himself had practised Physick, said no more thereabout, only ordered he should be secured, till he called for him. So he was carried to Prison, and laid down easily, (according to the Kings command) upon a Bed of Straw. The Keeper also knowing him, put him in the best room of the Prison, and fed him with his own hands, because he thought the Fox could not feed himself. But he very evilly requited the Jailor's kindness: for when Night came, his Chamber being a Ground Room, next to the High-way, he dug his way out, and so escaped about Midnight. But when got out, he knew not which way to go, therefore he then earnestly and unfeignedly

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(as he never before did) pray'd to Fortune thus, O Great Goddess Fortune, vouchsafe this once to assist me. Having said this, he espied an Ignis fatuus, or Will with the Wisp; which he then took to be sent by Fortune, to direct his way. This he followed, till he came into Pittwood, which formerly belonged to Isgrim the Wolf, but after he was Executed for Treason, the King gave it for an Inheritance to Chantacleer and his Family. Yet he knew not where he was, till day-break. When he perceived he was in Pittwood, he rejoyced not a little; because he knew none of the Beasts of the Forrest durst come there, by reason of a Proclamation (lately set forth) which prohibited all Beasts whatsoever, from entring any part thereof. This Prohibition was made at the request of Old Chantacleer, who with all his Family were in like manner forbid to enter the Forrest. All this Wood was inhabited by Chantacleers Family, except Isgrim's Palace, which none of them would dwell in, because he was a Traitor. Here the Fox took up his residence. The first day he imployed (without any food) to observe how Chantacleer's Family (which he saw were very numerous) were fed. He then perceived the old ones went out into the Fields, and pick up Barley, which they brought in abundance to their young. He likewise took good notice, where the Chickens roosted at Night. Having learned all this, when Night came he first filled his Belly with such of them as he could best come at: afterwards he went out into the Fields, and (in an old Sack he found in his new Lodging) gathered together as much Barley, Oats, and other Grain, as by the slender light of the waining Moon he could see to pick up. This he carried home, and then bestowed the remainder of that Night in sleep. The next day he scattered part of the Corn in two or three small ground-passages into the Palace. This

Wicked Persons in distress will be, or (at least) seem to be, devout.

Bait allured the Chickens to come nearer and nearer, till they were out of their Mothers sight, and within his reach. Thus he lived very plentifully for ten or twelve days; but afterward, the Hens so well guarded their Chickens, keeping them always all together about them, that the Fox could get nothing in the day time, what he got was by night, and that but little neither. Therefore he devised another shift (never thinking he was observed and should be called to account for his Misdemeanors) which was as follows: In the Night he digged several small and very deep holes, over which he laid small Reeds, which with the least weight, would suddenly break; upon these he scattered some few Grains of Corn, and so left them. By these Baites, the youngest and weakest of the Chickens were caught, but the elder and stronger (by help of their Wings) escaped. Yet in the mean while, it was well known to Old Chantacleer himself, and to many of his Children and Nephews, that the Murtherer of their off-spring kept his residence in the Wolf's Palace, but none of them could ever have a perfect sight of him. Therefore after this last Mischief was known, they resolved to watch the Holes, to see who he was, that should come out to take the Chickens, fallen into those Pits. In order to this, Chantacleer commanded several of them to ascend the Trees, that stood nearest the Pits, and there lie close, and be very Watchful to observe who he was, that had done them so much mischief. They do accordingly, and in the mean time he himself and all the other (as if they had despaired of ever knowing who had hurt them) went their way far from the Pits, and came no more near them all the day. This the Fox plainly saw, but knew nothing of those that had ascended the Trees. Therefore, hunger pinching him, he (long before Night) came to

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the nearest Pit, and took out Three Young Chickens, which he hastily carried into his Lodging, supposing none had seen him. But he was at that time plainly seen by them, that watched in the Trees; these speedily described his Form and Shape, to Old Chantacleer; who presently commanded three or four of the Eldest of his Sons to follow him, and that in the mean while, such as were best able, should help the Younglings (remaining alive) out of the Pits, into which they were so unluckily fallen, and if possible fill up the Pits with Earth before night. Having given this Order, he and his Sons went out of the Wood, and travelled towards the High-Road going into the Forrest. Here they met with several, to whom they told their Grievance, describing the Murtherer to them, that they (according to the Kings Proclamation) might carry Information thereof to the Court. But they not regarding what they heard, took little or no notice thereof: saying, It is no part of our Business. This angred Old Sir Chantacleer not a little, being grieved at his Heart (for into the Forrest it was not lawful for him, or his to enter) that he could not see no other Beasts more civil than they. Whilst he was in this angry mood, it was his good hap to espy Sir Firrapel the Libbard (who was going to his Countrey Palace) with several Attendants following him, to whom he thus spake, Honoured Lord Firrapel, the Necessity and Distress I and mine are in, by reason of the many Murders and Depredations committed upon my Family, by a certain strange Beast, having neither Ears nor Tail, who (in less than twenty days time) hath Murthered near an hundred of my Grand-Children, enforceth me to interrupt your Lordship at this time, &c. More the Cock would have spoken, but was prevented

by Sir Firrapel the Libbard, who said, Old Sir Chantacleer I pitty your Case, but am glad to hear where this strange Beast is. For what he is, I already well know. He is, I'll assure you no other than Reynardine the Son of Reynard the Fox, that Arch Traitor. About twenty days since he broke Prison: but I hope ere twenty days more are passed, he will not be living. For I verily believe, he (in the Form of a Physician, and Doctors you know have too often priviledge to kill) murdered my Father with a Dormitory Potion. Therefore I will stay my Journey, and return back to Court, and this very Night acquaint the King with your Condition. But be you careful in the mean while, to keep all hush and still all Night (that the Fox may mistrust nothing) and on the Morrow I doubt not, but I shall by the Kings command be with you early in the Morning to apprehend this Villainous Beast. Chantacleer, hearing this, humbly thanked him, and went his way toward the Wood, where he forbid all noise and clamor, during the whole Night, expecting the Lord Firrapels coming early in the Morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Sir *Firrapel* the Libbard, with *Quick-scent* the Lurcher, and many Soldiers, are sent to apprehend the Fox. He is taken and brought before the King, who passeth Sentence of Death on him, to be Executed the next day.

THe Lord Firrapel, according to his promise to Old Chantacleer the Cock, did that night disclose what he had heard to the King, who commanded him to take with him Quick-scent the Lurcher, and a Band of Soldiers, and very early in the Morning to march to Pittwood, and (if possible) to apprehend him, but in no wise to kill him (whatsoever resistance he made) if they could by any means avoid it. Withal he gave strict charge to Sir Firrapel, that no violence should, by any of his Soldiers, be offered to Chantacleer or any of his Family. According to this Precept, they set out at day break the next Morning and marching apace, were quickly come to the Borders of Pittwood, where Old Chantacleer and many of his Family, met them with joy, and immediately (after short salutations passed) conducted them to Isgrim's Palace, where the Soldiers, hoping to find the Fox) rushed in with great violence, searched every hole and corner thereof, but find him they could not. For Reynardine was up before they came near the Wood, and hearing a noise, and seeing a great Company marching towards the same; presently apprehended his own danger, and fled. But Quick-scent the Lurcher, having found the scent of his footing, immediately ran after the Fox, who in that flight used all his Arts, turning

turning and returning various ways, and sometimes he would run circular, and then into a direct path again: for he knew he should be pursued, because Quick-scent the Lurcher (whom he most feared) and Light-foot the Greyhound were Courtiers, and he supposed might be among the Soldiers he had seen. Therefore he led Quick-scent such a dance, that it was almost Noon before he could overtake him. In the mean while, Sir Firrapel the Libbard, knowing Quick-scent was in pursuit of Reynardine, and therefore had conceived good hope of his being taken, led all his Soldiers out of the Wood, to the great content of Chanticleer and his Family, promising them not to return into the Forrest, till he carried the Fox Prisoner with him to Court. When got out of the Wood, he forgot not presently to send several Soldiers to assist Quick-scent, who just about Noon returned with the Soldiers, and the Fox his Prisoner; being all sufficiently tired: therefore Sir Firrapel commanded they should all rest with him and his Company for an hour. Accordingly they did so. During this time of Rest, Old Sir Chanticleer, and many of his Family came out of the Wood, partly to congratulate the Lord Firrapel's good success in taking Reynardine, but chiefly, that they might see him, that is the Fox, whose Eyes some of the Youngest of that Company would have pecked out, had they not been prevented by Chanticleer himself, who fearing some Mischief would happen (as soon as was possible) took his leave of the Lord Firrapel, Quick-scent the Lurcher, and all the Soldiers, returning them hearty thanks for the pains he had taken in apprehending the Fox their Great Enemy, and for their great Civility to him and his. Then he departed, with his retinue into the Wood. Not long after this, the Lord Firrapel commanded his Soldiers to march, he himself leading them fair and

softly.

roftly. When they were entered the Foreſt, in every Street (they paſſed through) great Numbers of Beaſts were gathered together to ſee the Fox; who all the way he went hung down his head; not ſo much for ſhame, as for grief and anger, to ſee himſelf made ſo publick a Gazing-ſtock. When they came to Court, none entred but Sir Firrapel the Libbard, and Quick-ſcent the Lurcher, whom the King (being juſt then at Dinner) comanded to eat with him. The Soldiers Guarding the Fox without the Court Gates, had enough to do to defend him from the violence of the Multitude; who reviled him extreamly, calling him Murderous Hipocrite, Traitor, Liar, Diſſembler, and what not. In all which, they ſpake more truly, than themſelves were aware of. After the King had Dined, he thanked Sir Firrapel and Quick-ſcent, for taking Reynardine alive, according to his Will, withal asking how, and where they took him? To this the Lord Firrapel (after due Obeyſance to the King) ſaid, Dread Soveraign, the Honour of this days Enterpriſe appertains to Sir Quick-ſcent only, not to me, or any of my Soldiers. For after we came into Pitwood, and had ſearched Iſgrims Palace, we could not find Reynardine, who (as it ſeems) was eſcaped before we could enter his Lodging; which eſcape of his, Sir Quick-ſcent firſt perceiving, followed him by the Foot, and at length (after a long, tedious, and intricate purſuit) over-took and ſeized him, about nine Furlongs diſtant from the Wood. All that I did, or could do in this Caſe, was only to ſend out ſome few Soldiers to aſſiſt Sir Quick-ſcent; who, with thoſe Soldiers I ſent, were ſufficiently tired, before he could be taken. After he was taken, and brought before me, lying (with my Soldiers) on the North-ſide of the Wood, having given the Purſuers ſome time to reſt themſelves, we marched into the Foreſt; not haſtily,

The Opinion of the Vulgar is often true, tho but conjectural.

The true property of Noble Commanders.

hastily, but very slow pace, that all might see and know the Prisoner. You did very well, said the King, and in a little time I will not fail to reward Quick-scent according to his desert. But now let me see the Prisoner. Then was the Fox at the command of Sir Firrapel, brought into the Kings presence by a lusty stout Souldier, to whom he was chained. The King seeing him, spake thus, O Execrable Villain! the off-spring of a wicked and pernicious Traitor. Your Father I well remember, was by my Royal Father twice pardoned Offences deserved Death; in requital of which, and to make amends for the great Honours afterward conferred upon him, he, you (as I have just cause now to think) and others, traiterously contrived not only his ruin and mine, but a total extirpation of all the Royal Line. You since, that you may run parallel with your cursed Father, have by slight twice evaded Justice; if you escape a third time, the fault will be more mine than yours. Therefore, now make a true and unfeigned Confession of all your Wickednesses, which I am sure are very great; for you shall die before Sun-set. The Fox hearing this, being sorely terrified, knew not what to say; but at length (after some short pause) spake as follows, Great Sir, I do confess I have been a very Wicked Liver; but since my Discovery I have preferred Death before Life, because I always lived in fear of Death: Dead I would gladly be, but to die I am afraid. The particular passages of my Life, I would willingly (if I may be permitted) declare before I die; but cannot do that, without some time granted me to collect my self, and call to mind what I shall speak. Therefore humbly beg, that my Life may be prolonged till to morrow at Noon, longer time I desire not. To this the King said, Reynardine, you have already broke Prison, I cannot trust you a second time. Upon this, Sir Firrapel, hoping

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the Fox would confess the Murther of his Father) said, Dread Soveraign, I will undertake the Charge of him this Night, if he escapes, let me Die for him. No, said the King, the disparity between him and you is too great; it shall not be so. But if he escape, they to whom you shall commit the Charge of him, shall certainly die as Traitors. The Lord Firrapel hearing this said, I hope Sir, neither I, nor any other, shall be exposed to that danger; for if he were ten times stronger, and more subtile than he is, I am sure I could secure him. Do so, said the King. Then was the Fox led away by Sir Firrapels Soldiers, who secured him all Night, till next day near Noon.

CHAP. XXIII.

Reynardine the Fox at the place of Execution, makes a long and lying Oration to the King, whereby he gains a Reprieve to a further time.

The Solders (by the Lord Firrapels Order) a little before Noon, carry the Fox bound to the appointed place of Execution, where the King himself, many of the Nobles, Dr. Asino, and a multitude of other Spectators, were Assembled to hear the Fox's Speech, before his (supposed) nigh approaching Death. Over the Gallows purposely erected for this intended Execution: All the Fox's Names were written in Capital Letters, thus, REYNARDINE, PEDANTO, SHIFTER, CRABRON, REYNARDINE, his true Name being twice Written, viz. first and last, that all might understand who he was. The King seeing the Fox led up three or four steps of the Ladder, erected against the Gallows whereon he was to

be Executed, said, Now Reynardine, I have given you the time you requested, therefore be Ingenious, and without fraud or faculty discover the whole Intregues of your Life; that others by your Example, may take warning. The Fox hearing this, spake as follows.

YOur Majesty, Dread Soveraign, and all you Nobles and Commoners, that shall hear me this day, may very well in me, and in the various changes of my life, observe the mutability, unconstancy, and uncertainty of Worldly Prosperity. For when your Majesties Royal Father (of Happy Memory) first Advanced my Father, who (I must needs say) proved too ungrateful and wicked, in Plotting and Contriving the Ruin of so Magnanimous a Prince, and Noble Benefactor: I was so Young, that I was utterly uncapable to know what my Father then was, or in times past had been; but after I grew up, and perceived the great State he lived in, and knew him to be a Lord; I thereupon assumed haughty thoughts, judging my self inferior to none of the Sons of the greatest Lords in the Kingdom. These Ambitious Thoughts of mine, were the Grand Causes of my future Misery. For after my Father's Treason was discovered, and he had committed all his Treasure to me and my Brother *Volpus*, we went with it into the Province of *Longwood*, where that Treasure lies hid unto this day. There my Brother through his own folly, presuming to fight with one that was too strong for him, lost his Life. After his Decease, I went into the Dutchy of *Manton*, and in the *Monastery* there was entertained as a Member; but judging that Life inferior to the supposed Nobility of my Birth, I grew out of Conceit therewith, and one day (being not content with my Allowance) I stole a small Fish out of the Kitchin. Being taken with my Theft about me, I was enjoyned a most cruel long fast for Pen-

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nance, which I could not bear. Therefore I left the *Monastery*, and coming into this my Native Countrey, I was (by *Zani* the Ape) Advised to turn Doctor of Physick, and present my self as a Stranger, by the Name of Dr. *Pedanto*. His Counsel I took, and Practised Physick with good success, as is very well known; until he disliking my Service, setting up for himself, Discovered me me to my Undoing, and his own Ruin. After this Discovery, being enforced to flie for the safeguard of my Life; I returned into the Dutchy of *Manton*, where seeing a *Mountebank* upon a Stage, I requested him to cut off my Tail and Ears, offering as a Recompence (because other Satisfaction I could not give) to affirm to all the Spectators, which were that day very Numerous, that I felt no Pain at all; tho therein (I now confess) I egregiously lied. However Necessity forced me at that time so to do: For I had hopes, by reason of that disfiguring, to be admitted again into the *Monastery*, as *Brindle* the Mastiff truly told your Majesty. This hope failing, I returned again hither, and was admitted into my Lord *Sly-look's* Service, a very Noble Lord; and Worthy Master to me, Ah! his Death, his Death, (I say) pierceth my very heart to think of: for had he lived till now, I might have lived longer in safety. But alas your Majesties good will, and immense favour, in Advancing me to a place of Profit and Repute, was the Occasion of my being known and discovered.

Notable Hypocricy here expressed by the Fox's feigned lamentation.

Here the King interrupting him, said, *Reynard me*, I thought in the Condition you now are, you would have made a free, true, and ingenious Confession of all your Misdemeanours, but instead of so doing, you tell a Story, (well known already) of your Theft in the Monastery, of your Practising Physick, and of your Tail and Ears being cut off, which every body sees. But what say you to the Murther of my Old Lord Firrapel,

and of Brindle the Mastiffs Poysoning; How can you clear your self of these Crimes? Then the Fox proceeded thus:

I humbly crave your Majesties Pardon, that I have not hitherto spoken so fully to the purpose as your Majesty expected. As touching the Old Lord *Firrapel*, I am in no wise guilty of his Death; I wish some of those that then were his Attendants could as well clear themselves from Guilt, as I can. Here is my Young Lord *Firrapel*, who knows well I had not given his Father that Dormitory Potion, but at his earnest desire, and upon his promise (upon his honour) to endempnify me. For (as I told him) I feared his Father would die Sleeping; to prevent which, I ordered that after he had slept four hours, he should be awakned with a Taber and Pipe, played on at first softly, and afterwards louder and louder, till he was fully awakned. If this way was not rational and ingenious, △ I Appeal to the Reverend and most learned Dr. *Asino* here present, who for my late Honoured Lord and Master the Lord *Sly-look*, made a Composition so admirable and excellent, that *Apollo* himself, or *Æsculapius*, or *Machaon*, (had they all, or either of them been then present) could not have made a better or more salutary Diet-drink,* but my Lords Crazed Body and Weak Nature frustrated all his good and laudable Endeavours. Here the Fox Paused, and was Silent.

△ The Fox's Appeal to the Ass, shews the craft of Sophisters, to procure an Ignorant Voucher for their own cursed and deceitful Actions.

* The Common Excuse of Physicians, when they do amiss.

Then the Ass glad to hear himself so highly Praised; said, Great Sir, Reynardines Advice for awakning the Deceased Lord out of so profound a Sleep, as Anodynes are wont to infer, was very commendable, and highly to be praised in an Empyrick. For I well remember, being (on a time) sent for to Court, to cure an Eminent Courtier then Sick, I staied there all Night, and being on the Morrow early to go to wait upon another

The Ass calling the Fox *Empyrick* shews the Nature of Wealthy Physicians, who brand meaner Practicioners with the Name of *Empyricks*, tho more skilful than themselves.

ther Perſon of Mouth, was (after great Weariness, and a profound Sleep thence enſuing) awakned after the ſame manner, and that method of awakning out of Sleep, was very delightful, pleaſant and ſalutary, as I then found by Experience, and have ſince uſed with very good ſucceſs in others. Here the Aſs ceaſed to ſpeak, and the Fox proceeded as follows:

As to the Poyſoning of *Brindle* the Maſtiff, Dread Soveraign, I know nothing; for I had no hand in it, but was and am as innocent thereof as a Whelp in the Womb. It is true indeed, and I muſt now needs confeſs, that I was glad to hear of his Death; becauſe I knew he could (being dead) tell no Tales.

But Reynardine, ſaid the King, all this while you ſay nothing of your Fathers Treaſon, to which you (being then grown up) muſt needs be privy: for elſe, how could he maintain ſo many Soldiers in his Caſtle, and you not know why they were there kept. Beſides, you confeſs you had your Fathers Treaſure, which you ſay lies hid in the Province of Longwood: If you had ſo great Treaſure, what need had you to herd your ſelf in a Monaſtery, and after that to come hither twice Diſguiſed, only for a living (as I ſuppoſe) when you had ſo much, by the benefit of which you might have lived any where?

To this the Fox Anſwered, Great Sir, ſeeing your Majeſty is pleaſed to give me ſo great Liberty of Speech before I die, I intend to relate the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, and I here invoke our great Goddeſs Fortune to ſend ſome Eminent Plague upon me, if I utter one word that is falſe or untrue. When my Father firſt contrived his Treaſon, or how, when or where he treated with his Fellow-Conſpirators, I can in no wiſe tell. I ſaw him daily to entertain new Soldiers in his Caſtle, but why he did ſo, I could never underſtand. For when-

The greateſt Liers, and Worſt of Men; are moſt apt to uſe Imprecations before others, to confirm their Lies.

whensoever I asked him thereabout, he would Answer me thus? Son, trouble not your self at present, in time you shall both see and know, why I do this. Such general Answers I always had from him, and knew nothing of his intent, till the morrow morning early after he had put his intended Treason in Execution. Then I saw him march in hastily with his Soldiers, immediately calling for me and my Brother: To whom he thus spake, Son's, Fortune hath frowned upon me, but I hope will be to you propitious: Therefore you shall take my Treasure, the Bulk of which we then saw (tho never before) ready bound up in ten Packs, which were delivered to ten able Servitors to carry. We went away with these Servitors (after we had received our Fathers Benediction, and several private Instructions) by Night Journeys, into the Province of *Longwood*, where the Treasure was deposited in a very commodious private and drie Cave. This Treasure, after we heard of our Fathers Death, my Brother *Volpus* (contrary to my Fathers Order) would have had equally divided between us; but I not consenting, it was left undivided till after my Brother was killed. Then knowing my self the sole and only Possessor thereof, I resolved to follow my Fathers Instructions; which were that we should bury the same for some years, that if Adversity should afflict us, it might be a Succour to us in time of distress. This I resolved to do, but fearing it might be taken up by Robbers; I addressed my self to *Adramand* the Inchanter, who then lived on that part of *Long-wood*, that bordered upon the Kingdom of *Zal*. He required a twentieth part of the Treasure; saying, If I gave him that Reward he would secure the Remainder by Art *Magick* for a certain number of Years, Days, Hours and Minutes. Hereupon I agreed to give him what he demanded; and then he used his Art to bind the remainder to me and for my use for ever; but not to be

taken up by me or any other Perſon, till the term of five Years, five Days, five Hours, and five Minutes, ſhould be fully compleat and ended. The five Years are now within two Days fully accompliſhed, ſo that (had I lived) about ſeven Days or eight at fartheſt, I ſhould have re-poſſeſſed all the Remainder of that vaſt Treaſure, by which I might have made my Peace with your Majeſty, and ſtopped the mouths of all my Adverſaries. This was the true Reaſon why I broke Priſon, and fled into *Pittwood*, where I intended to have ſtayed till the time aforeſaid was expired; and then according to the Inſtructions I received from *Adramand*, my purpoſe was to go into *Long-wood*, take up my Treaſure, with part of it ſatisfie Old *Chantacleer* (who ſpake greater evil of me, than I deſerved) for the wrong I did to his Family, and after that come to Court and lay all at your Majeſties feet. This had I lived, I ſhould have done.

Here the Fox ended his Oration, and ſeemingly offered himſelf to Death, by the Executioners hand. But the King (well knowing Old Reynard was very Rich, and no part of his Wealth was found, when his Caſtle was taken by Storm, rifled and ruined by the Soldiers) becauſe he thought the Fox's Tale thereabout might be true, bid the Executioner ſtay; ſaying, Hold your hand, the Priſoner ſhall not die this day. I will appoint ſome other time for the purpoſe; therefore take him away, and let him be carefully ſecured, till I call for him. So the Fox was led away to Priſon according to the Kings Command.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

The King sends for *Reynardine*, demands an Account of the Treasure he spake of. The Fox gives a feigned Account, which is taken in Writing, and he re-manded to Prison.

THe next day after Dinner, the King sends for Reynardine to Court and spake to him as follows. Reynardine, I have respited your Execution for a time; but you know the Proverb is, Forbearance is no Acquittance. So a Reprieve is no Pardon. Therefore mind what I now say, if any part of what you have affirmed in your yesterdays Speech, be found false, you shall certainly die, but if all be true (which I very much suspect) you may find mercy, and be restored to your Office again. To this the Fox after low Obeysance made to the King, said, Dread Soveraign, if one tittle of what I yesterday spoke be false, let me die the worst of deaths. But if your Majesty will promise me Pardon at this time, I will unfeignedly discover the way of breaking the Spell, that Adramand the Inchanter laid upon my Treasure, whereby it shall be easie for your Majesty, or any other by your Majesties appointment, to take up the same, and bring it hither, or into any other part of this Kingdom. Stay Reynardine, said the King, I will make no promise to you, but if you be honest and ingenious, and do your part as you have said; I will then act as becomes a Prince. Leave all to me, but first give me an Account of the Particulars of that Treasure. To this the Fox said, Great Sir, as far as I can now remember, I will; but I humbly request my Words may be taken in Writing,

ing, that your Majeſty may when the Packs come to be opened, find more by much than I can now call to mind, and ſo be aſſured of my fidelity and truth. It ſhall be ſo, ſaid the King. Then was a Secretary immediately called, who being come into the Royal Preſence, was commanded to ſit down, and write what the Fox ſhould dictate, which was as follows.

Inprimis, One Chain of Gold three Yards long, weighing Sixty Ounces, three drams and a half.

Item, Two Chains of Gold two Yards and a half long, weighing forty nine Ounces three Granes.

It. Five other ſmall Gold Chains, not fully two Yards long, weighing Sixty five Ounces, four Drams, and two Scruples.

It: That Head of Gold which your Majeſties Royal Father cauſed to be put upon a Staff to be born before my Father, when he was created Lord Chief Bailiff. In the hollow of which Head are a great number (how many I know not) of Pearls, ſome ſmall and ſome large, but all very round and tranſparent. The weight of theſe I know not.

It. An Emerald, admirably Poliſhed and very tranſlucid, weighing near half a Pound, and ſexangular in form.

It. Thirty ſix other ſmall Emeralds, the weight of which I know not.

It. Ten Rubies of great value encloſed in Gold. Their weight I know not.

It. Many Lockets of Diamonds, their number or value not known to me, all incloſed in a large Silver Caſket curiouſly wrought.

It. About thirty or forty *Saphire* Stones, their value unknown.

It. Fifteen Goblets of Gold, weighing ſeventy two Ounces.

It. Twenty three Gold Cups, not weighed.

It. Fourteen Pieces of Unicorns-horn of very great value.

It. An Ebony Cup curiously wrought, and inlaid with Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, and Emeralds. An incomparable piece, of value inestimable.

It. A Table of Ebony, with Ivory-feet, curiously inlayed with Silver and Gold.

It. One large Box of Torroise-Shell, finely polished.

It. Of Silver Vessels, of various Sorts, Sizes and Forms, almost an infinite number; besides Combs, Ear-pickers, Tooth-pickers, and the like; the value or weight of which I cannot remember.

It. Of *Corinthian* Brass, esteemed more precious than Gold, a good quantity; but not wrought into form.

It. Of Gold in Wedges unwrought, about Seventy pound weight.

It. Of Silver unwrought, Three hundred and thirty five pound weight, or thereabout.

There were many other things, but these are all I can now remember. All! said the King, and I fear a great deal more than All; for (tho I know your Father was Wealthy) yet I cannot imagine where or how he could get so much. To this the Fox said, Dread Soveraign, when I saw all these Things, I wondred extreamly; but after I had called to mind the many Presents (besides Bribes taken on both sides) my Father daily received, my Admiration soon ceased. For every Common Beast of the Forrest, that had either found or stoln any thing that is rare and curious, would presently bring or send it as a Present to him. Therefore I humbly request your Majesty to permit me to have a Copy of this Account, that nothing in it may (by others) be changed to my prejudice; and your Majesty shall find that

that I have not lied in the least, but given an Account far short of the Riches will there be found. The King ordered him a Copy, which being writ, and compared with this, agreed exactly. After this was done, the Fox was sent back to Vaison, where he remained three or four days, hearing nothing from the Court.

CHAP. XXV.

The King sends for the Fox again, and after some further discourse, sends *Quick-scent* the Lurcher with him into the Province of *Longwood* to dig for, and take up the aforesaid Treasure.

IN the mean while the King dispatched away a swift Messenger, to go and enquire for Adramand the Inchanter, whether any such were, and if he found him, to learn of him what he could of Reynardine and his Treasure. The Messenger making exceeding great haste, returned the third day, and brought word that Adramand was dead. Which the Fox knew before; otherwise he durst not have mentioned his Name. When the King heard there had been such a Person as Adramand, and that he was but lately dead, he gave more credit to the Fox's words than he could before do; yet wondred in his mind, which way 'twas possible, that Reynardine's Father should scrape together so great a Mass of Wealth. But after he had considered his Ambitious design to usurp the Kingdom, his Wonder ceased. Therefore early the next Morning he sent for Reynardine, to whom coming before him, he thus spake, Reynardine, you told us of a very large Treasure (the particulars of which you have since given) hid in the Province of Longwood, and there secured to your use by the Art

Magick of one Adramand an Inchanter; Is this Adramand living now? To this the Fox answered, Sir I know not; he was living when I came last into this Kingdom, but since I have not heard of him. Admit he should be dead (said the King) what Course will you then take? Great Sir, said the Fox, if he be dead, he hath verified his own Prediction of himself, which was, that he should not live till the five Years were expired; but said he, if I be then living I will assist you; if not, then do you proceed thus. When the time is fully expired, you must attend other five Days, five Hours, and five Minutes, before you can take up this Treasure. On the first day, having made a Circle as near as possible to the place where your Treasure is (or at least where you think it is) there within the Circle, sacrifice a Chamelion to ỳ great Goddess Fortune, Patroness of your Countrey, & rest your self within that Circle all that Night. The next day make another Circle, and within that sacrifice a Young Cock to Mars, but lie not within that Circle as you did in the first. The third day make another Circle, also cutting the circumference of the first; in this Circle sacrifice a Dove to the Goddess Venus, with great Devotion, abstaining from Venery all that day and night, and abide no longer within that Circle than whilst you are Sacrificing. The fourth day make another like Circle, cutting the Periphery of the first, in which sacrifice a Serpent to Mercury: in that Circle abide till Sun-set, but no longer. Lastly, on the fifth day, having made a fifth Circle, cutting the Circumference of the first. In the Center of this Circle make an hole, and in that hole kill a Mole, for a sacrifice to Pluto, God of Riches; this Sacrifice bury in the Earth within the same hole, and lie upon it till that day is fully expired. The remaining five Hours and five Minutes, imploy in lying without all the Circles

(said he) and diligently watch, where you shall see a living Mole thrust out his head. Seeing this, dig there; for there lies your Treasure, said Adramand. I wonder said the King, why he appointed to sacrifice things so different in Nature, and did not assign one sacrifice to all the Gods; but above all, I most admire why a Chamelion should be sacrificed to our Goddess, to whom we offer no sacrifice at all. To this the Fox said, Dread Soveraign, I asked the Inchanter the reason of these different Sacrifices, and he answered thus. In Magical Works, all Sacrifices and other Requisit Rites to be performed, must be consonant to the nature of the Gods, and agreeable to the intended Business. Therefore to satisfie your Curiosity, I will explain the matter as follows. To Fortune, your Goddess (said he) we sacrifice a Chamelion, magically intimating the variable and mutable Nature of Fortune. For as a Chamelion upon various representations of things, or as its own Affections are diversifyed and altered, variously varies and diversifies its Colour; so the great Goddess Fortune, as she is diversly affected, bestows Wealth, Honours, Prosperity, and what not in one hour; and a few days after snatches all away in a Moment, to satisfie the variety and changableness of her own Will and Pleasure.

To *Mars*, we Sacrifice the Cock a martial and warlike Creature, magically indicating the Heroick and War-like Nature of *Mars*.

To *Venus*, we Sacrifice the Dove, an aimiable, loving and chast Bird, magically to denote the Beauty, Loveliness, and Chastity, of the Goddess *Venus*.

To *Mercury*, we sacrifice a Serpent, a most subtile, wary, and ingenious Creature, magically to shew the sly ingenious subtilty of that God *Mercury*.

Lastly,

Lastly, To *Pluto*, God of Riches, we sacrifice a Mole, (as it were a magical emblem) to signifie the greedy and insatiable disposition of Covetous Persons, who never adore or offer Sacrifice to the Gods, but when they would add Riches to Riches, as the Mole scrapes up Earth upon Earth, and perpetually delights therein. Likewise this God *Pluto*, and all his Worshippers are blind as the Mole; therefore to offer him any other Sacrifice, would be no less than derision. And to deride the Gods is dangerous.

Much more he spoke touching them all, than I have here mentioned, but (because I would in no wise be guilty of falsehood) I will rather speak too little, than utter one word that is not true. Only this I can most truly add, that (as I now well remember) he then said, All other Sacrifices than these above-named, are nauceous to, and disesteemed by these Gods and Goddesses.

If so, said the King, then we (that offer no Sacrifices) do far better than they that offer to the Gods, what pleaseth them not. True, Great Sir, said the Fox, 'tis dangerous to be falsely religious. Well Reynardine, said the King, Religion is not our Task now. I will at present discharge you of your close Confinement. You shall be a Prisoner at large with Quick-scent the Lurcher, he shall be your Keeper, with him you shall go into Longwood, to take up the Treasure you speak of: the Sacrifices only I am careful about, to think how they will be gotten. The Fox hearing this (with very great tho concealed joy) said, Dread Soveraign, if Quick-scent be my Keeper, I doubt not with his Assistance, in our Journey to provide all but the Cock and Dove; and those I am sure your Majesty can command; if not, Quick-scent and I can easily get them in the Kingdom of Zalap, where are plenty of Cocks

Cocks, and Dove-Coats not a few. Upon this the King commanded Quick-scent the Lurcher should be called; to whom, when come before him, he thus spake, Quick-scent I sent for you to commit to your Care the Charge of Reynardine, with whom you shall go into Longwood to search for, and take up his Treasure. When you have (by his Arts, which will be strange and mysterious) found the place where it lies, and are come to a plain sight thereof, then shall you send him away to me, but stay your self there to secure the Treasure. It will be convenient for you to take a Servitor with you, to go to and fro of your Errands; but let him know nothing of the main Business, that no Tales may be told: and when you send away Reynardine, send your Servitor with him, as it were to wait on him to Court. But in secret, the King gave the Lurcher other particular Instructions, all tending to the securing of Reynardine, least he should slip away, as (maugre all his Care) he afterward did. Here the Lurcher asked the King when his Majesty would command them to begin their Journey? To morrow morning early, because the Journey is long, said the King; according to which Command they began to set forth before Sun-rise the next day.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Fox and Lurcher enter the Province of *Longwood*, where (after the Fox had offered most of his Sacrifices) he makes his escape: and Lurcher returns ashamed to Court.

AS they went forward in their Journey, the Fox spake to the Lurcher thus, Sir Quick-scent, We are now upon an Enterprize, that will save my Life and highly advance you. For when this Busi-

ness

nes shall be well ended (as I question not but it will) the King will undoubtedly make you a Lord, and pardon me. By which means you may live splendidly all your days, and I enjoy peace and quietness during Life. I expect not honour, said the Lurcher, if I please the King, and your Life be saved thereby, 'tis as much as I desire. For Sir Reynardine, to tell you the truth, my Cosin Light-foot and I (when we heard you were condemned to die) were extreamly troubled; because our words innocently spoken, were the principal occasion of your Discovery. I never thought otherwise, quoth the Fox; for the gentle and courteous usage I had from you, when taken after I fled from Pittwood, shews no less. Therefore I was glad at my heart, when I heard the King say I should be your Prisoner; which I will truly be, till his Majesty shall be pleased either to put me to death, or discharge me; the last of which I stedfastly hope and believe. For I am sure we go not about a Sleeve-less Errand; but go in quest of a Treasure, that will as certainly be found, as if it were now in our own Possession. Thus they Travelled, Discourling for full three days before they entred the Province of Long-wood. Every Night as they Lodged by the way, the Fox would be sure to keep close to the Lurcher; and if he was at any time but any distance from him, he would not fail to cry out Sir Quick-scent, where are you? I am here. Using this Craft continually, the Lurcher was almost perswaded the Fox was more afraid to lose him, than he was to lose the Fox. Yet remembring the great Charge he had from the King, he very diligently watched him. When they were come into Longwood, near the place where the Fox said his Treasure lay, Reynardine at Sun-rise in a Morning, having his first Sacrifice ready, made his first Circle, (doing all things exactly as he had told the King, least

Lurcher

Lurcher should perceive his deceit, wherein he killed and offered a certain Beast, more like a Land-Lizard than a Chamelion; but being strange and unknown, it was taken for a true Chamelion. In this Circle the Fox lay all Night; but Quick-scent and his Servitor lay without the Circle carefully watching him, who did not in the least offer to stir out of his place all the time. In the Morning before Sun-rise he told Quick-scent that the Great Goddess Fortune had appeared to him in his Sleep, highly praising his Devotion, promising him certain and good success. Withal adding, as he said, that she alone was sufficient to restore to him his Treasure; but because other Gods as well as her self were concerned, she would not defraud them of their Honour. Then just at Sun-rise he made his second Circle, cutting the Periphery of the first (according to Adramand's directions, as he feigned.) In this Circle he offered a Cock to Mars, and quickly after went out of the Circle, but lay near it all Night. The next Morning at Day-break he told Quick-scent he saw in his Sleep a strange Vision; Two Combants (said he) entred the Circle, and there fought furiously a long time, till at length one overcame the other, and drove him out of the Circle. Then the Victor remaining in the Circle, (which I suppose was the God Mars himself) with a loud voice, calling me by my Name, said, Reynardine, the Gods have compassion of you, and will certainly recompence all your Devotion and Pains, with the Accomplishment of your desire. The Treasure bid is safe, and reserved for you. Having said this, he Vanished, and I saw him no more. Then at Sun-rise, did the Fox again make a third Circle, cutting the Circumference of the first, as before is said; in this, just in the Center thereof, he offered a Dove to Venus, and immediately went out of it, not staying to make a-

ny seeming (or pretended) Motions, as he was formerly wont. Quick-scent the Lurcher seeing this said, Sir Reynardine, how is it that you make such haste out of this Circle contrary to your former Custom? O Sir Quick-scent, this Goddess is amiable, chast, and virtuous; therefore to stay in her Circle would be a Crime; and might be the means to procure her high displeasure, and then a fig for all our Endeavours to find out my Treasure. For she is a ritchy and angry Saint, if we displease her all the fat is in the fire, and all our endeavours would be in vain. Besides, she hath resolved never to comply with any one that questions her Vertue, or doubts her Chastity, therefore to enter her Circle, and see what is done, at these magical moments, wherein she entertains her most unchast Lovers, would be a piece of the greatest ingratitude in me, if not the highest Impiety. I beseech you good Sir Quick-scent urge me not to be uncivil. Not I, upon my faith, said the Lurcher, I was not willing to intermeddle with your Secrets; what I said, was only to satisfie my own Curiosity; therefore I pray be not angry good Sir Reynardine. Not I upon my honesty, quoth the Fox, I am so far from thinking amiss of what you speak, that (were it lawful) I would tell you my Thoughts. What are they I pray good Cosin Reynardine, quoth the Lurcher? Indeed Sir to tell you the Truth (which at this time I am loath to speak) this Goddess, tho she hath most demure pretentions, is a meer Strumpet. Vulcan is her Husband, but Mars is her Common Bedfellow. If this be not true, I appeal to all the Poets (of which there are an infinite number) that have written ever since Homers time. But I pray good Cosin Quick-scent, let all that is spoken be under the Rose: for should what I have now uttered be told to the great Goddess Venus, I am undone for ever, and the Treasure we

are

are now in quest of, will never be found. Upon my Life said the Lurcher, not a word shall be spoken to any Creature living. So that day passing on, on the fourth day at Sun-rise, he made his fourth Circle, Sacrificing a Serpent to Mercury; in which Circle he abode until Sunset, according to his pretended Directions from Adramand. Then did the Lurcher ask the For how it came to pass, that the last Night after his Sacrifice to Venus, he had no Vision, as the two Nights before he had? To this the For Answered, Sir Quick-scent I had a rare and incomparable Vision, but over-sleeping my self this Morning, had not time to tell it you. It was thus. I saw five fine and very beautiful Lasses enter the Circle, in which I Sacrificed to Venus; these Danced and Sung admirably well for a long time; but at last, they all vanished, except one only (which was undoubtedly the Goddess Venus) who in a very pleasing and grateful manner (with a low, shrill, and effeminate voice) said, Reynardine your Sacrifice is accepted, and we the Gods will recompence your Devotion within three days. Having said this, she also vanished, and I saw her no more: but I could gladly have beheld her all the days of my Life, she was so very amiable and delightful to look upon.

The For now knowing it was high time to cease devising feigned Visions, and to think of his own escape, told Quick-scent the Lurcher, that the next day, and all the night following, after his Sacrifice to Pluto he must lye within the fifth Circle, and after that for five Hours and five Minutes diligently watch without all the Circles, till the very place of the Treasure should by a certain and infallible Sign be shewed to him: therefore (said he) it is time for me to give my self to rest this Night; because I can have no time for any sound or long Sleep, till the Treasure is found & taken up.

You speak well Sir Reynardine, quoth the Lurcher, you will indeed have need of rest; therefore neither of us will lye near you this Night, least (by talking coughing or otherwise) we should disturb you. If you favour me so much, you will do me a pleasure, said the Fox, for I would willingly now go to rest; and on the Morrow I will not fail to relate to you the Vision I expect to have from Mercury this Night. Having said this, the Lurcher and his Servitor left him, retiring into a Cave some distance from him; because at that time it rained much. The Fox glad he had so deluded the Lurcher, but more especially rejoycing that so much Rain fell (sent from Fortune as he then superstitiously imagined) to favour his Escape, made speed away, Travelling all that Night as fast as he could toward the Kingdom of Zalap: where we leave him, to return to speak of Quick-scent and his Servitor.

Sir Quick-scent and his Servitor lay till after Sun rise the next Morning: for the Carriage of the Fox ever since he came out of Peraria, had been such, as they did not (in the least) suspect his Falshood. But after they went to seek him, and could not find him near any of the Circles he had made, nor in all the Wood (which was by this time indifferent well grown) the Lurcher was in great trouble and amazement, and wholly unresolved what to do. By his footing he could not follow him, by reason of the great Rains that had fallen; what Course to take he knew not: but after he had considered that the Kingdom of Zalap (through which he had formerly passed) lay nearest the place where they they then were, he concluded he was gone thither. Therefore he resolved to run thither also in quest of the Fox. It was now about Noon before he set forth, and he entred into Zalap a little before Sun-set, about which time he met a Traveller alone, of whom he enquired

for

for such a Person as Reynardine. The Traveller answered, I saw one (without Tail or Ears) this Morning early near this place, running hastily; but because I met him, and knew him not, I took no notice which way he went: for it Rained so hard, that I was glad to make all the haste home I could. Quick-scent hearing this, knew 'twould be in vain to pursue him any further: being well satisfied that he was entred that Kingdom. Hereupon he resolved (tho with a sorrowful heart) to return into the Province of Longwood for that Night, and afterward hasten to the Court as fast as he could. The next day he began his Journey, and the third day following arrived at the Court of Feraria greatly ashamed: however he failed not to inform the King of all that had passed.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Kings Proclamation, promising Preferment to him that should apprehend *Reynardine*, encourages many Beasts to go out in pursuit of him: their Names, and how they Reason with themselves thereabout, *&c.*

The King greatly troubled to find himself so highly affronted by the perfidiousness of Reynardine, issues out his Royal Proclamation for apprehending him; in which great Honours are promised to him that shall take him and bring him alive to Court, or a great Reward for his Head, if there be a necessity of killing him. The Nobles supposing this Proclamation concerned not them, stirred not; but the Commons hoping to better their Conditions, and to equalize themselves with the Nobles, were strangely tickled

led and affected with the desire of Honour; and too many of them undertook this Enterprize to their utter ruin. Yet each of them before he set out, seemed to well weigh and consider what he went about, and to give himself a Reason why he did so. The Reasoning of these with themselves, we will in order set down as follows.

Sir Ferox the Tyger to himself said, many of the Nobles are of my Kindred, I am therefore most likely to take the Fox, wheresoever I find him. The Proclamation saith he is in the Kingdom of Zalap: the Journey it is true, is long; but what of that? the Honour is great. How many in the World have run strange and difficult Adventures to die Honourably, all Histories plainly shew. I will try what I can do (as Old as I am) had I had such an Opportunity before, I had sure enough been a Lord long ago, as well as the best of my Kindred. With these vain Conceits he went in quest of the Fox.

Orson the Bear, Nephew to the Traitor Bruin, said to himself thus, My Uncle Bruin by his Treason hath extinguished the Nobility of our Family, if I can retrieve what he hath lost, my Name and the Memory thereof, shall be renowned to all Posterity; besides in the mean while, I shall be made a Lord and live splendidly all my days: therefore I will go and take the Villain Reynardine.

Corniger the Hart, hearing of this Proclamation, reasoned thus with himself; When Honour and Preferment call so loud, who can stop his Ear? I am one of the swiftest Beasts of the Forrest, therefore may (more easily than others) take the Fox wheresoever I find him: and who can tell, but that Fortune hath to me only made this great offer of Nobility; I'll try the Experiment with all speed.

Tauro

Tauro the Bull alſo reſolved upon the ſame Journey, for he thought within himſelf thus, Surely I that am one of the ſtrongeſt Beaſts of this Kingdom, may without difficulty take that poor, weak and inconſiderable Beaſt Reynardine, ſo ſoon as I can but ſet Eye of him. Therefore I will not delay (for the Reward is great) to try what I can do. Having ſaid this, he began his Journey fair and ſoftly.

Hippus the Horſe would alſo undertake this new Adventure, to himſelf ſaying, Nothing venture nothing have. It is but Travelling into the Kingdom of Zalap, which undoubtedly will (as all Places uſually do) yield me Food ſufficient, and there waiting for a time, till I can underſtand where he is. Knowing this, I will go to him, and tell him if he yields not himſelf to be my Priſoner, I will dath out his Brains with my Heels: being thus terrified, he cannot chooſe but ſurrender himſelf and follow me. Then ſhall I be made a Lord.

Witleſs the Aſs (wiſer in his own thoughts than all others) ſaid to himſelf thus, I have a proud Coſin, called Doctor Aſino, who diſdains me becauſe of my Poverty; but now I have an Opportunity to pay him in his own Coin. For it will not be long before I ſhall be made a Lord, and then will I look as diſdainfully upon him, as ever he did upon me. I am ſure, tho many other ſtronger and abler Beaſts than my ſelf are gone in queſt of the Fox, I only ſhall take him: for ſo it was ſignified to me in a Dream this laſt Night, and all my Acquaintance know I am wont to have true Dreams. Therefore I long to be going, and think every Minute an Age, till I ſet out. So away jogs he.

Kamo the Camel, tho he lived at his eaſe in the Foreſt, would needs undertake this Enterprize alſo, reaſoning with himſelf as follows; I have the Advantage of all other Beaſts, not only becauſe of my great Stature,

ture, but also by reason of the length of my Neck: for if the Fox be climed up a Tree, I can easily take him down thence; or if he have hid himself in a Pit, 'tis but kneeling down on the brinks thereof, and taking him up, which I can very well do. Besides all this, by the benefit of my long Legs, I can out-go all Beasts whatsoever; and being able to Travel two or three days without Water, and with little Food; I can ride more Ground in one day, than others can in five or six. All which Advantages considered, I have the greatest Reason of all others, to go in quest of Reynardine. Accordingly he went.

Climerock the Goat, Eldest Son of Old Hircus, would have taken his Younger Brother Caper along with him, but his Father refusing his Consent, he resolved to go by himself, in pursuit of the Fox. For (rejecting all the good Counsels his Father gave him) he framed and devised strange Chymera's in his own Brain, fancying (because he could Clime and Leap well) he should certainly take Reynardine, and so suddenly be made a Lord; yea, he was so foolishly Opinionative, that he imagined himself no less than a Lord, before he had set one foot forward in his Journey, which he undertook with more haste than good speed.

Grunt the Swine, Surnamed the Boar, made one among the rest; for he with himself thus Reasoned: I am in scorn called Swine, and filthy Beast; and all this for a matter of nothing, only because I (by Ensample of my Predecessors) do often lay my self down in a Muagmire, the delicacy and softness of which Lodging, had any of them known, they would never have despised. But here is now an expedient offered to wipe off this Infamy. The K. by his Royal Proclamation, promises to invest with Nobility, and number among his Nobles, him that can take Reynardine alive, Many

ny I see are ready to undertake this Enterprize, why not I? If I lose my Labour I am where I was, and cannot be more contemned, than now I am; but if I take the Fox I am made for ever, and all my reproach will vanish as Smoak. For who then dares (I being a Lord) to call me Swine, or filthy Beast? Nay, 'tis an hundred to one (after that) if it be not accounted an Honour to wallow in the mire. Therefore I'll go and see what I can do: So on he went.

Vices in great Persons are too often applauded and imitated.

Many other Beasts (without discretion, being altogether unable to seize the Fox if they should see him) would needs go out on the same Errand, to their great prejudice, as shall be shewed. Brocket the Badger (Reynardines secret Friend) went in this Troop, not so much desiring to take, as to see Reynardine, that he might prevent his being taken by others, as he afterward did.

But Quick-scent the Lurcher, after he had obtained Licence from the King, went out in pursuit of Reynardine not excited by hopes of obtaining the promised Reward, but spurred on by desire of Revenge upon the Fox, who had so basely deluded him. For before he went, he made a solemn Vow to the King, not to return to Court, till he had himself taken Reynardine alive or dead; or should certainly know he was taken or killed by others.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The Misfortune that befel the Pursuers of *Reynardine*, after they came into the Kingdom of *Zalap*, &c. The Ass takes the Fox; but is himself taken and made a Slave.

IN the mean while all the Pursuers made what haste they could in their Journey, striving who should first enter Zalap. Each of them feared his fellow should have fight of him first; therefore they all dispersed themselves several ways, every one choosing that way he best fancied. The Fox who expected to be pursued, saw many of them; but durst not shew himself to any, until he espied Brocket the Badger, to whom he thus spake, Sir Brocket, My Old Friend, I am very joyful to see you. I am no less glad I have found you, Sir Reynardine, quoth the Badger, but are you sensible of the danger you are in? Here are a great number Beasts entred this Kingdom in quest of you, whom if they take and carry alive into Feraria, they shall be highly Rewarded; and he that alone takes you and carries you alive to Court, is promised no less than a Lordship: if he cannot take you alive, he shall have a great Recompence for your Head presented to the King. I know you may escape all these well enough, if you be careful; but how or which way you will evade Quick-scent (who is more than all your other Pursuers) I cannot tell. When I know your Lodging, I will divert them from you as well as I can. Then did the Fox after great thanks given to the Badger, shew him his Lodging. Hereupon they agreed where to meet every Night, then the Badger left him, and the remainder of that day, and every day after, he

he carefully waited for the coming of some of the pursuers, whom he always directed further and further from the For, till they all fell into one danger or other; as shall be shewed in particulars as follows.

Ferox the Tyger was by him sent so near to a Country Village, that all the Villagers were up in Arms against him; but he stoutly defending himself, and the Townsmen being afraid, escaped with Life, tho wounded in the Thigh with an Arrow shot at him. This Wound proved so grievous to him, that he Cursed the day of his setting out, and panned all he could out of that Kingdom; resolving never more to pursue the For: so home he went limping as fast he could.

Orson the Bear was sent another way, but he either mistaking the Directions the Badger gave, or through his own Carelesness, entring a Field instead of a Lane (through which he should have passed) disturbed the Feast of seven or eight Shepherds sat down to Dinner with their Dogs by them. The Shepherds and their Dogs assault the Bear, who defends himself as well as he can, At length Orson sorely bitten, and extreamly worried with the Dogs, laid himself down as breathless. The Shepherds seeing this, called off their Dogs and immediately put a Ring into his Snout; by which; after they had muzled his mouth, they (with the help of a Rope) tied him to a Tree; where after they had ended their Dinner, they left him till towards Night. Then they sold the Bear to a Gentleman that kept him for his pleasure to be Baited with Dogs as often as he pleased: So that he lived a miserable Life, worse than death it self.

Corniger the Hart, having broke into a Park, was found by the Keeper, amongst other Harts, and Hunted to Death in a few days after.

Tauro the Bull had no better fortune: for he was found fighting with a Bull of that Countrey, had a Rope cast about his Horns, was Baited with Dogs, and then sold to a Butcher.

Hippus the Horse sped not so ill; yet he (being a Stray, as they call beasts without an Owner) was taken up for the Kings use, who kept him among his Chariot-horses, where he was well used (tho a Slave) all the days of his Life.

Kamo the Camel had the same Fortune, not to be slain; but made a Slave he was, and constrained to carry heavy Burthens as long as he lived.

Climerock the Goat sped worse than these: for he was taken among an Herd of Goats of that Countrey, and was (by the Goatherd soon after) singled out with some few others to be slain by the Butchers Knife.

Grunt the Swine underwent the same fate, tho in another manner: for Squire Careless the Prodigal (Reynardine's Master, as the next Chapter shews) with his Dogs, and other Companions of his, being gone forth an hunting, met him; at the sight of whom they were greatly amazed, saying, Here's a Wild Boar! what shall we do? Careless the Prodigal said, be of good Cheer Sirs, I'll warrant you we kill him. So they assailed the Boar, who stoutly defended himself long, killed some of the Dogs, and hurt one of the Men; but at length, being run through with a Boar-spear, which one of the Company had, he was quickly after killed. His dead body the Fox to his great content, saw it carried into his Masters Kitchin.

The other inferior Beasts that came in pursuit of the Fox, were most of them killed for their Skins or Flesh; some few only escaped to carry the News into Feraria.

Witless

Witless the Ass, the Badger had not directed to go any whither, but let him range where he pleased, judging it impossible he should ever take the Fox. Yet in this he was mistaken, for the Ass wandring he knew not whither, came by chance to the Gate of the Back-Court Yard of Squire Careless his Palace; where rubbing his Neck, he with his Head thrust open the Gate, and then espied Reynardine fast asleep in the Sun-shine. To him he went softly, and seized him, presently carrying him out of the Gate. The Fox knowing he was taken, was surprized with extream fear and amazement; but after he perceived in whose Custody he was, he was the better satisfied, and spake to the Ass as follows. Sir Witless, I am now where I would be, thanks to our great Goddess Fortune who hath now fully answered my Requests: for being weary of my Life, and knowing well so many fierce and uncivil Beasts of my own Countrey, were come out in pursuit of me, I always desired to fall into your Hands, and be by you taken. Surrender my self I durst not, for fear of my other Pursuers, who will certainly (if they meet us) rescue me out of your Custody, and murther you (to be sure) to have the Honour promised to themselves. I saw you coming towards the Gate, which I presently unbolted before you came near, that you might easily thrust in your Head, and seeing me, seize me as your Prisoner. I did indeed feign my self asleep, because I feared, if you found me in any other posture, you would suspect I had some design to draw you into a Snare; and so (being, as you are very wise and circumspect) warily eschew the danger, and I by that means be frustrated of my hope. The Ass hearing this lying Story, all which he believed as most true, said, Sir Reynardine, you shall never have Cause to repent your being my Prisoner; for I will use you so well, as if you were my own Brother.

ther. I believe no less, said the Fox, but have you well considered, Sir Witless, how I shall be kept alive all these seven days we have to Travel into Ferraria. For the Journey will not be ended in less, tho we go the nearest way, as I am sure we shall, if you will be informed by me, who know all the nearest, most private, and best ways into our own Countrey. Indeed Sir Reynardine, quoth the Ass, I did not consider that; but I suppose you know how to provide for your self. True Sir, said Reynardine, I do so. And to tell you the truth, have already provided enough to serve me all the Journey; but it is at least eight or ten Furlongs off this place, where my Provision lies ready packt up in a Wallet, commodious enough for you to carry, if your Worship will be pleased to take the Pains. The Pains! said the Ass, doubt not that, I will do any thing that may hasten our Journey: for I think every Minute a Year, before I shall come into Ferraria, and there be made a Lord, as I shall now sure enough. Therefore good Cosin Reynardine, go fetch your Wallet, that we may proceed in our Journey with speed. So on they went, the Fox marching by the Ass's side for a Mile or more, until they came to the Pales of a great Park. Then the Fox said, Sir Witless, look over these Pales, see you not an Hill close by? Yes, quoth the Ass. There said Reynardine, on the further side in a dry Cave firmly closed, lies my Wallet. I wish you could go with me thither, for I am loath to leave you; but there is no Passage for you into the Park, unless we go twenty Furlongs about. It is but a short cut thither, and I shall return presently, if your Worship be pleased to give me leave to go without you. I prethee do, quoth the Ass, I hate delays. So the Fox went through an hole of the Pales, glad he had so deluded the Ass. In the mean while the Fox being gone, the Ass to himself thus spake.

O Great Goddess Fortune, how infinitely am I bound to serve you! who neglecting the greatest, proudest, and strongest Beasts of the Forrest, hast conferred this great benefit on me, the humblest and weakest (tho in truth the wisest) of them all. Now shall every one I meet call me Lord Witless. Now my proud Cosin Dr. Asino will, so soon as I enter the Forrest (like a base Sycophant as he is) congratulate my happy return, saying, I am glad to see your Lordship, hoping your Lordship is in good health, and the like: but I'll see him choakt e're I will take a bit of Physick of him. My thinks I already hear my self called, the Honourable Lord Witless, who did more by his Policy, than all the Pursuers of Reynardine could do by their strength. Undoubtedly they will also say, had I not been very wise (as I well know I am) it had been impossible for me to take so subtile and crafty a Politician as Reynardine, who had deceived the King himself, the wisest of all Animals at this day living. The Ass continued this vain Exultation, until he thought Reynardine's absence over tedious; then with a loud voice he said, Reynardine, Reynardine, hasten quickly and come away. But tho Reynardine heard him not, a certain Woodman (who was wont upon the Backs of Asses to carry Wood to sell) heard him well enough, and (because he understood not the Language of Feraria) he called his Speech, Braying. This Woodman had long waited to find this strange Ass, of whom he had been told by many; but now, by his Voice directed to the place where he was, being come) ready provided with an Halter to take him very near him, the Ass had scarce ended his second Call to Reynardine before the Woodman's Halter was about his Neck. This rude Assault the Ass took in great scorn, for his (imaginary) Lordship took it for no less than a very high Affront, which he would have revenged presently,

ſently, had not the Woodman prevented that, by belabouring him ſoundly with a Cudgel. The Aſs feeling the ſmart of the Blows, would fain have broke his Halter, but could not: for maugre all he could do, he was forced to go with the Woodman, who tied him faſt to a Tree until Night.

CHAP. XXIX.

Witleſs the Aſſe's Diſcourſe with his Fellow Aſſes. He runs away, is retaken. He carries Wood into Squire *Careleſs* his Palace; is upbraided by the Fox, *&c.*

THen did he drive him home with five other Aſſes he had before. To all theſe five, as they came into his Service, he had given Names, by which he called them ever after. The firſt he called Stare The ſecond Dizy. The third Col. The fourth Kit. The fifth Drone. And Witleſs (now the ſixth) he named Tat. When they were all come home, the Woodman put them all together into one Stable, where was Straw enough, but very little Hay. This kind of Food Witleſs the Aſs, tho hungry, would not touch. His Fellows obſerving this, ſaid, Brother Tat, becauſe you are a Stranger we leave the Hay to you, Straw will content us very well. Tat Anſwered not, nor would he eat. Upon this, Drone ſpake to him thus. Sir Tat, When I firſt became a Slave to our Maſter, I did (as you now do) forbear to eat my meat the firſt Night, but I ſorely repented it the next day. To ſecond this Stare ſpake as follows, I was ſo filly as to do ſo too at firſt; nay I thought my ſelf utterly undone when I came firſt to

to Service. But ſerving ſo good a Maſter I now think my ſelf in a very happy Condition. To what Stare had ſaid, all the other aſſented, commending their Maſter highly. Then ſaid Tat, I ſuppoſe you were all born Slaves. No, ſay they, we were not born Slaves; but the Man that can firſt maſter any of us, makes him his Slave for ever, unleſs he be pleaſed to ſell him to another. As moſt of us have been ſold to ſeveral Maſters, of all which, him we now ſerve is certainly the beſt. For ſaid Kol, Its true, in Summer time none of our Kin can want Food, what Maſter ſoever they ſerve; becauſe every Bank yields Thiſtles, and every Lane (not to mention the Fields we often paſs through) hath Graſs growing more or leſs, beſides other good Herbs fit for Meat. But alas when Winter comes many of them are even ſtarved, and I may truly ſay are too often back-beaten, as well as belly-beaten. For the Men of this Countrey take us to be ſilly inconſiderable Aſſes, ſuch as they may uſe as they pleaſe; nay I dare to ſay, ſome of them think it no greater Sin than to kill one of us, than it is to kill a Fye. But our Maſter is of a contrary mind. Whenſoever any of us are Sick (tho that but ſeldom be) he preſently leads us to a Leech, who gives us a Drench, and we are cured. If in the dead of Winter, we have eaten up all our ſtore, our good Maſter carefully provides for us, or (to ſpeak more properly) teacheth us how to provide for our ſelves. For if there be any Proviſion in the Countrey, far or nigh, we ſhall be ſure to have our part. I well remember this very laſt Winter, in a very cold froſty ſeaſon, when all our ſtore was eaten up, our Maſter called us all together, and bid us follow him; then did he lead us about ſeven Furlongs from this place, to a very fair Stack of Hay, commanding us to fall too; and whilſt we were eating he loaded every one of us with

as much Hay as we were able to carry. When this Store was spent, and more Hay to be got with safety a-nip where, and the Spring not yet fully come on, he directed us to a low-thatch'd House, in which no body dwelt; with this Thatch'd we lived, till hard weather broak. What of all this, quoth Tat, how good soever he hath been to you, I am sure he hath done me the greatest Injury, that ever was done by Man to any Creature. For when he so rudely and with violence seized me, I was calling upon one Reynardine my Prisoner, whom I should have carried into my own Countrey, and then (so soon as I came there) have been made a Lord. O the thoughts of this Lordship is even ready to break my heart. But I'll run away with all speed, whensoever this Prison door is opened. As he said, so he did the next Morning. For being not tied, whereas his Master thought he had left him tied, he went out with the other Asses, who stood still to have their Pack-saddles put on, but he ran away as fast as he could. His Master missing him, soon ran after, and having over-took him, bang'd him soundly. Then he brought him back, saddled him, led him into the Wood with the rest, and loaded him first of all. Poor Witless (now Tat) could not endure any more to think of his supposed Lordship; for by refusing his Slavery he made it the worse, being continually beaten, if he seemed unwilling either to be loaded or to carry his load. After three or four days the Woodman loaded all his Asses with Wood, to carry to Squire Careless his Palace. When they came there, Tat being the last in order, was last to be unloaded. Him the Fox espied in his Masters yard, with his burthen of Wood on his back: therefore coming very near, he saluted him thus, Honourable Lord Witless I am glad to see your Lordships Stature so splendidly embelished with the truest Emb'ems of your Nobili-

ty

ty. I have seen many Nobles, but none like your Lordship. I perceive according to the Art of Heraldry, your Honours Coat-Arms must needs be the Pack-saddle and bundle of Fagots, Field Verd, emblazon'd with Halters and Girts. So Noble a Coat none of your Lordships Ancestors could ever pretend to. The Ass hearing himself thus flouted by him, who was (as he thought) the sole occasion of his Slavery, resolved to kill him if possible. But as he ran towards the Fox, intending to trample him under his feet, he brake his Girts, down fell his Wood, and the Fox ran away laughing. His Master seeing this, hastned to him, and in a great rage beat him more than ever he had done at any one time before. So the poor Ass was constrained to bear both Slavery and Derision, for his aspiring to Honour too sublime for his Capacity.

After this Brocket the Badger knowing well that all the Pursuers of Reynardine, were either killed, fled home, or made Slaves, except only Quick-scent the Lurcher, whom he had sent to the further part of the Kingdom, from whence he supposed he would never come, took his leave of the Fox, and returned into Feraria.

CHAP. XXX.

Reynardine's manner of Life in the Kingdom of *Zalap*. His Taking by *Quick-scent* the Lurcher.

THe Fox escaping from Quick-scent the Lurcher, as is above shewed (in the 26th Chapter) and coming into the Kingdom of Zalap, well knew he could not safely there live, without being either killed, or taken for a Slave. Therefore he purposed with all speed to put himself into some Gentle-man's Service, and with him to make as good terms for his Liberty as he could. Accordingly he went directly to the House of one Squire Careless (which House seemed to him a stately Palace, and it was by Men called the Squire's Place) who took great delight in Novelties, and to entertain strange Beasts, many of which he at that time kept. When the Squire saw the Fox, he asked him of what Countrey he was? He Answered, he was born in Feraria, but by reason of his great Enemies he durst no longer dwell there. What is thy Name, said the Squire. My Name Sir, quoth the Fox, is Reynardine, and I came hither purposely to entreat your Worships Patronage, that I may live safely without fear of them that seek my Life. But said the Squire, What canst thou do towards a Livelyhood? I have too many to feed already, that live idly and do nothing. Sir all I request of your Lordship (said the Fox) is only a dry Lodging, and my Liberty to go in and out, as I see Occasion, especially in the Night. If these be granted me, I shall be so far from wanting Food of my own providing, that I shall be in a Capacity now and then, to present your Worship with a couple of Ducks, a fat Goose, Capon, young

young Rabbets, Pullets, Chickens, or the like. All that I want at present is only my Dinner this day, afterward I shall need no further Allowance from your Worship. Squire Careless, glad to hear his new Servitor thus speak, presently called for his Huntsman, commanding him to feed Reynardine among his Hounds that day. The Huntsman obeyed, but the Hounds at sight of the Fox were all in an Uproar; yet after he was removed to eat his meat further off, that Tumult ceased. So the Fox came no more in sight of the Hounds, for he needed not; because his Master had ordered several secret Passages to be made under the Walls (that enclosed his Court-Yards, Garden and Orchard) so that he could go in and out at his pleasure, day or night. The Court-Yards were before and behind the House, and the Garden and Orchard of each side. Here the Fox lived safely (except his being taken by the Ass) until all his Pursuers, save Quick-scent only, were taken, slain or fled; and for some time after, till his Masters extream Prodigality constrained him to break up Housekeeping, and fly to avoid the fury of his Creditors. All the other Beasts that Squire Careless had kept were divided among his Creditors; and had not Reynardine escaped by one of the before-mentioned secret Passages, he had been shared among the rest.

This Disaster happening, the Fox was now at a Non-plus; and knew not what to do, till he called to mind that not far off lived a wretched Covetous Fellow, who was in derision called Gripe the Miser. The House he lived in was little, Old and much out of Repair. Garden he had none, but the Ground that lay round his House was let out to others. Two small yards he had, one before and the other behind his House, according to the Custom of that Countrey. Here he lived like an

A true description of a Niggard.

an Hog in a Stye, without a Servant. For he durst not keep any, because of the Charge. He would drudge like a Slave, and pinch his own Belly to save his Money; but was Glutton-like when invited to another's Table. To this goodly Master the Fox resolved to present his Service, not doubting but that his own Theeks would be highly acceptable to so great a Thief. Therefore waiting his Opportunity, he went to him into his Yard, and thus spake: Reverend Sir, I am a poor Stranger in Distress; and more he would have said, but Gripe the Miser interrupted him, saying, What is that to me? Whence come you, and where lived you last? To this the Fox answered, Sir I last lived with Squire Careless. Ah! quoth Gripe, and because you help'd to undo that Prodigal Rascal, therefore you intend to endeavour my undoing also, away Miscreant, get you gone, or I'll send you packing. Nay Sir hear me one word, said the Fox, and I will go as soon as you please. Well, speak on, said Gripe. To this the Fox said: Sir I neither received Food nor Wages of my Master Careless; all that I had of him was only his Protection within his Walls, and a little Hovel to lie in; for which I made him satisfaction more than twenty fold. For almost every Night I brought him in either a Rabbit or two, or an Hen, or a Cock, or else a Capon, or a Puller, or two or three Chickens, and commonly once in two or three days a fat Goose, and Ducks often. But after I considered how riotously and profusely he spent all, I was not a little troubled, that I should take pains for such a Spend-thrift. However, being a Stranger, and not knowing where to better my self, I bore all patiently, till he broke and run away. When hearing of your great Thriftiness, I thought it better to offer my Service to you, than to any other. This Sir, was the only reason that moved me

to

to come to you. You speak well, said Gripe. What is thy Name. My Name Sir, quoth the Fox, is Reynardine. And you, said Gripe, desire to serve me upon the same Account, as you served that Rogue Careless. Yes Sir, said Reynardine, but I request I may be Lodged in your Back Yard, and that I may have Passage made under the Pales to the Field side, that I may go out and in as I see Occasion: and then on the Back side of your House have also another Passage into some one room, to lay up the Provision I bring in. You shall, said Gripe, have all you can desire. I have an Hovel ready for you on that side, and the Passages you require shall be made this day to your content. Will you stay now you are here, or come again anon? To this the Fox answered, Sir my greatest danger of being surprized by my Enemies is in the day time, at Night I am secure; therefore I request I may be Lodged presently in the Hovel you speak of. It shall be so, said Gripe, come in Reynardine. So the Fox went through the House into the Back-Yard to take possession of his new Lodging: and at Night had very industriously stole for his new Master a good fat Goose. Which, when Gripe saw in the Morning, he was overjoyed: and after he had commended Reynardine for his Theft, he pulled off the Feathers, and carried it to Market. For his Covetousness would not suffer him to dress and eat it. Here the Fox lived above four Months, by all his diligence scarcely satisfying the avarice of his greedy Master. With Squire Careless he had lived near three Months, during which time of seven Months or more, Quick-scent the Lurcher had Travelled all the Kingdom over in quest of the Fox; escaping the danger of Slavery by his swiftness of foot only.

Covetous Persons readily embrace any unjust Course, for accomplishing their ends.

Now

Now the Lurcher despairing ever to find the Fox, was contriving how to get out of the Kingdom, and to return to the Monastery of Manton: for he resolved (according to his Vow made to the King) no more to go into Feraria. But whilst he was in this mind, and onwards of his Journey thitherward, it was his hap (just about high Noon) to lie down to rest himself close by the Pales of that Yard, wherein Reynardine's Lodging was. Here he had lain long before he espied the Fox coming out of his Masters house, and plainly saw him (with meat in his mouth) go into his own Lodging. This sight greatly rejoyced Quick-scent, who had thoughts of seizing the Fox presently; but fearing that attempt would be too hazardous in the day time, he deferred it till Night. Therefore well observing the place, he went into the next Wood, and there rested himself all that Afternoon: When Night came he returned again, and leaping over the Pales, went directly to the Hovels where Reynardine had been; but was gone out before he came. Here he lay for some time, till the Fox returned, who suspecting nothing, carried what he had got into his Masters House, and made haste out again. Him the Lurcher saw, but would not take him whilst in the Yard, fearing danger that was not. After the Fox was gone out into the Field, Quick-scent pursued, and soon overtook him, whom he hastily seizing, as hastily carried away; the Fox crying out, but all in vain.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

Reynardine's fruitleſs entreaties to be diſmiſſed by *Quick-ſcent*. *Ferox* the Tyger reſcues *Reynardine*, and contrives the death of *Quick-ſcent*; but he eſcapes, and haſtens to the Court in *Feraria*, &c. The Tygers Oration, who carries the Fox Priſoner to the Court.

When day-light appeared, and the Fox well perceived in whoſe Cuſtody he was, he began to intreat the Lurcher thus, Sir Quick-ſcent, I know I am but dead, if you carry me into Feraria. I am heartily ſorry I deluded you ſo (as I did) in Longwood; but it was the fear of Death conſtrained me ſo to Act. If now you will be pleaſed to hear me, I can ſhew you the great Inconveniency of your enjoying the honour and title of a Lord in our Countrey. I will hear you Reynardine (ſaid Quick-ſcent) but be briefe, for we muſt haſten our Journey. Then the Fox ſpake thus. The Nobles of Feraria do generally all hate each other. The reaſon of this I ſuppoſe is, becauſe they all (except the Kings own Family) poſſeſs not their Honour and Title by Inheritance, as in other Kingdoms, but are advanced and depreſſed at pleaſure of the King. For in my remembrance almoſt all the Nobles have been changed: but that great change had not happened ſo all at once, had it not been for my Fathers Conſpiracy againſt the King. Yet had that never been, by mutual hatreds they would all have loſt their Honours, perhaps before their Deaths; but after Death (to be ſure) their Sons might poſſeſs their Wealth, but not their Honour. Therefore if they (being all Natives of the ſame Kingdom) becauſe they envy each other, can any one of

them, as he gets the Kings Ear, depreſs his Fellow Lord, as is daily ſeen, what ſafety in ſo ſlippery a Station, can you expect that are a Stranger? I tell thee, Reynardine (ſaid the Lurcher) I have not taken all theſe Pains, ſpent ſo many Months time, and run ſo many dangerous Adventures to make my ſelf a Lord, but only to perform my Word and Vow to your King to do my utmoſt to apprehend you, and bring you to Court, or never more return in a Feraria. Nor have I maliciouſly, or for Revenge, ſo earneſtly purſued you, but only to recover my loſt credit, and for the end aforeſaid. Therefore I can moſt truly ſay, if the King will pardon you when we come to Court, I ſhall be heartily glad. I humbly thank you Sir Quick-ſcent (ſaid the Fox) for the good will you have towards me, tho I deſerve your utmoſt hatred. Yet Sir, if at this time you will ſave my Life, I will be your Slave as long as I live. This you may do without breach of your Vow. Hold Reynardine, ſaid Quick-ſcent, you are greatly miſtaken. I Vowed if I found you (as now I have done) to carry you into Feraria, and ſo to Court. This I am reſolved to perform; but when I come there, I will do what in me lies to obtain your Pardon. In the mean while let's haſten on our Journey, in which if you offer to eſcape, I will maime you, not kill you, but carry you a Triple to Court. Whilſt he was thus ſpeaking, Corbant the Rook ſitting upon a lofty Elme very near, plainly heard their Diſcourſe, and as plainly ſaw the Fox in the Lurchers Cuſtody Therefore ſhe (being a great blab of her Tongue, and alſo hating Reynardine) rejoycing greatly at what ſhe had ſeen and heard, haſtned by the help of her Wings with all ſpeed poſſible into Feraria, and ſo into the Forreſt, where ſhe failed not to tell her Errand to Ferox the Tyger (as to a Perſon of note) who promiſed her a large Recompence, if ſhe would

would say no more of it, till he himself had taken the Fox, and brought him to Court. Hereupon he passed her word to keep Silence in expectation of the promised Reward. But she had talked so loud to Ferox, and he to her (because she was upon a Tree, when they had this Conference) that many others as well as themselves heard what was said. These other Beasts soon entertained the same thoughts of going forth to meet the Lurcher, and take his Prisoner from him, as Ferox the Tyger had conceived. So all went out, two several ways, about the same Errand. Each of them intending to supplant his Fellow; yet all said they would assist each other against Ferox the Tyger, and circumvent him if possible. But the Tyger prevented all their vain Endeavours, getting first into the Province of Longwood, where he met the Lurcher and his Prisoner, within half a days Journey of the Kingdom of Feraria. When he came near to them, he imperiously commanded Quick-scent to deliver up the Fox to him. Quick-scent the Lurcher obeyed, because he durst do no other. The Fox finding this change of Keepers, was glad: for he now hoped assuredly to make his escape in the Night. But this his hope was frustrated by the coming in of those other Beasts before spoken of, who (as they had before agreed) resolved to fight the Tyger, and seize Reynardine to themselves. Yet their resolution was so disjointed, that three only of the stoutest assailed Ferox, the rest stood by as Lookers on. During this Combate, the Fox had certainly escaped, had not Quick-scent kept a watchful Eye upon him, and as he ran away presently seized him. Ferox the Tyger in the mean while (tho old he was) made shift to kill two of his Assailants, sparing the Life of the third, upon his promise secretly to kill Quick-scent the Lurcher, in whose Custody he saw the Fox again was.

But the Lurcher immediately after the Fight was ended, returned the Fox to his new Keeper the Tyger, who feignedly thanked him for his Care, which he was resolved to requite with Quick-scent's ruin, tho herein he was greatly deceived. For he that had undertaken to kill the Lurcher, communicated his intent to another, who (promising his Assistance) gave Quick-scent notice of this design against his Life. The Lurcher (as was Reason) believing this Information, fled away early in the Evening, before the hour came, in which he should have been murdered, and in less than two days time arrived privately at the Court in Ferraria; yet shewed not himself to the King, until the third day in the Morning. Then he informed his Majesty, both how he had taken the Fox, and how he was rescued and taken from him by Ferox the Tyger's haughty Command, which he durst not but obey: but spake not of the Tyger's design to murther him, because he feared he should have no Witness; also he thought, seeing the Tyger was so bold to take away his Prisoner, and by other Persons contrive his Death, he would not stick to murther those, whom he had imployed to murther him, that no Tales might be told. As he thought, so it was in effect; for when he that should have killed Quick-scent, was disappointed of his purpose, and told by him, whom he had made privy to this design, that the Lurcher was fled; he very foolishly hoping for a Reward from the Tyger, ran hastily to him and said, Noble Sir Ferox, I have executed your Command, and buried your Enemy in a Pit, too deep to be Discovered by any. Hereupon the Tyger presently killed him, as he before intended. This Murder was committed before Sun-rise. Not long after the Tyger calling all the Company together, by whom the Fox had been all the Night sufficiently guarded, he spake to them thus

Sirs

Sirs, I am willing to let you understand, that Quick-scent the Lurcher (like a perfidious Stranger) hath basely forsaken us, tho to him the Care of securing the Prisoner was left; as you may very well know by yesterdays work, when Reynardine (seeing me ingaged in fight with those three Villains that assaulted me) attempted to escape, but was prevented and secured by the Lurcher. I to ease him, both before and after that, took charge of the Prisoner my self until last Night, when I committed him to your Care. Now having early this Morning received true Intelligence, that one of those three Assassinates (whose Life I yesterday spared) conspired with that false Miscreant, Quick-scent, to set the Prisoner at liberty, rather than I should have the Honour promised for his Apprehension, for that Cause I justly slew him, as he deserved. Therefore I command you all (in the Kings Name) not to entertain any Familiarity with Quick-scent, if he should come near you, by Day or by Night, till we shall have ended our Journey: and always be diligently careful, that the Prisoner escape not. For that Person that permits him to escape, shall certainly suffer for him. Having said this, he led them forward, and the fourth day (a little after Noon) he brought the For Prisoner to the Court.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

Ferox the Tyger, hoping to obtain the Honour promiſed for apprehending the Fox, is ſhamefully repulſed, *Quick ſcent* the Lurcher is Honoured by the King.

BUt in the way thitherward, Ferox the Tyger told the Fox if he would before the King acknowledge him (and not Quick-ſcent the Lurcher, or any other) to be the only Perſon, by whom he was apprehended, he would uſe his intereſt with the Nobles, to intercede with the King for the ſaving his Life. Reynardine the Fox hearing this, tho he had no reaſon to believe, hope or except pardon, by any Interceſſion whatſoever; yet that in the remainder of his Journey, he might be the better uſed; he promiſed ſo to do. When they came to Court, and the King heard thereof, he commanded the Fox ſhould be ſecured in the Common Jail, and Ferox the Tyger come to him on the Morrow. Accordingly the Fox was carried to Priſon, and there laid in Irons for his better ſecuring. In the mean while the King ſpake to Quick-ſcent, who was privily concealed in Court, commanding him, to continue his retirement, and not ſhew himſelf to any one belonging to the Court, till he ſhould call for him on the Morrow to confront him with Ferox the Tyger: whoſe ambitious Nature the King well knew. Therefore he was glad of this Opportunity to check him ſeverely, to put an end (if poſſible) to his aſpiring thoughts. On the Morrow, two hours before Noon, the Tyger failed not to go to Court. For he was in mighty haſte to obtain the Honour he had not deſerved. The King hearing he was come, commanded he ſhould be brought into his preſence. When there,

there, the King said, Sir Ferox, you have here done us a notable piece of Service in apprehending Reynardine that pestilent Traitor. Your first attempt of this Nature was not so successful as this, pray tell me how, where and when you took him? For I am told it is not above eight or ten days since you went last out of the Forrest. Here the Tyger after Obeysance made, spake as follows, Great Sir, as it is most true according to your Majesties words) that my first attempt was without success; so it is no less true, that this last had better success than I did expect, or hope to have. For in the first I was desperately Wounded by the Men of Zalap, and constrained to return home, re infecta; but this excited in me a more eager desire of re-gaining my lost Credit by a second Adventure; especially when I understood how many had lost their Lives and Liberties, whilst they attempted to find and apprehend this Traitor. Therefore so soon as I had recovered my full Strength, after the healing of my Wound, I was extreamly desirous to make this second Tryal; yet not in the least promising to my self so speedy an Attainment of the wished end. For I no sooner had set foot upon the Borders of the Kingdom of Zalap, but I espied Reynardine running before me; therefore I speedily pursued, and soon overtook him. Then the King said, Who was with you when you took the Fox? I am told a great Company came home with you yesterday. It is true Great Sir, said the Tyger, I had Company enough, and more than I desired, not before, but after the Prisoner was taken, three of whom set upon me in the way, to have rescued the Fox (as it plainly appeared afterward) but in fighting with these I killed too of them, and pardoned the third. This third Person in great requital of my kindness, conspired with Quick-scent the Lurcher (who was also in the Compa-

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ny) to set the Prisoner at Liberty, purposely to deprive me of the Honour promised in your Majesties Proclamation. This coming to my Ear, I quickly took him, I had before pardoned, and put him to death (as he justly deserved) least he should combine with others to effect the same: for I well knew that Quick-scent was fled. Whither did he flie, said the King? I know not, quoth the Tyger. Then (said the King) I do. For he fled hither, for fear of foul play from you, as I have now good reason to suspect. He shall be called, and then we will hear what you can both say. At these words of the King, the Tyger was extreamly amazed: for he supposed Quick-scent had been murthered; but now finding himself deceived, he knew not what to do, or say: all he could think of was stoutly to deny all that the Lurcher should affirm, and to appeal to the Fox's Testimony for Confirmation of his own feigned pretensions. The Lurcher being called, quickly came into the Kings presence. To him the King said, Quick-scent I am very much mistaken if you did not tell me, that you your self took Reynardine in the midst of the Kingdom of Zalap. Here is now Sir Ferox, who took the Fox from you (as you say) but (as himself saith) first found him, and saw not you nor any other, till after the Fox was his Prisoner. You took him in the midst of the Kingdom, he in the very Border of the same. How do these two Tales hang together, one of you must be a Liar, or else, after you had lost him, Sir Ferox found him, what can you say to this? Great Sir, said Quick-scent, I told your Majesty nothing but the truth. I took Reynardine in a Village about the middle of the Kingdom, and with him Travelled hard two days and a half; until we were entred three or four Furlongs within the Province of Longwood: There Sir Ferox the Tyger met us, and very imperiously (as if he had come

come in your Majesties Name) commanded me to surrender my Prisoner. I did so, and when he had conducted him forward about five or six Furlongs more (not a full Mile I dare say) there met him about twenty or thirty Beasts of several Families, three of which assailed him in my sight, Whilst he was combating with these (two of which he killed upon the spot, and gave the third his Life at his request) the Fox had certainly escaped, had not I very carefully look't to him; for he began to run, but I soon over took him; and when the Fight was ended, yielded him up to Sir Ferox again. That Night after this, seeing Guard sufficient about the Prisoner, and also suspecting my own safety, I made haste hither to inform your Majesty of what had passed. Very good, said the King. What say you to this Sir Ferox? Great Sir, said the Tyger, I utterly deny all that Quick-scent affirms, except as to the number of Beasts that met us, of which number he himself was was one, and my being assailed by three of the stoutest of them, for Rescue of the Fox; for whereas he saith, the Prisoner was like to escape, 'tis utterly false. His Escape was that, which Quick-scent and his Company endeavoured: for he, and that perfidious Villain, whose Life I spared, contrived the Fox's Rescue (as I truly told your Majesty) for ends best known to themselves. To the Truth of what I have now asserted, I appeal to the Prisoners Testimony. What credit, said the King, can we give to the Testimony of such a Varlet? Nevertheless he shall be brought hither. Accordingly the Fox was brought by his Keeper (Chained as he was) into the Royal presence; to him the King thus spake: Reynardine, tho I thought never (till at the place of Execution) to have seen you more, yet at this time to expound a Riddle, that none can so well unfold the Intricacy of, as your

ſelf, I have ſent for you. Therefore I now offer you your choice, either of extream Torment preceding your Death, or of a merciful Death without Torture; that is Torments, if you do not truly anſwer, without Equivocation, or any mental Reſervation, to what I ſhall ask of you; or if you ſpeak the very Truth, Death ſimply without any Torturing. My Queſtion is two-fold: Firſt who it was that apprehended you? Great Sir (ſaid the Fox) I was apprehended once, as I lay ſleeping, by Witleſs the Aſs; but him I eaſily deluded, and ſo eſcaped. Long time after I was taken by Sir Quick-ſcent here preſent, who held me ſo faſt, that I could not eſcape, nor did I, till he delivered me up to Sir Ferox the Tyger, whoſe Priſoner I was till brought hither. Very good, ſaid the King. My ſecond Queſtion is, Whether Quick-ſcent loſt you, and afterward you were found and taken by Ferox? Sir ſaid the Fox, Quick-ſcent after he had taken me, never loſt me, but (for fear I ſuppoſe) delivered me up to Sir Ferox, from whom I had certainly made my eſcape, whilſt he was Fighting with others, had I not been re-taken by Quick-ſcent, and the ſecond time delivered up into the Tygers Cuſtody. As we went on our Journey hitherward, Sir Ferox told me he would perſwade the Nobles to intercede for me to your Majeſty, for the pardon of my Life, if I would (before your Majeſty) acknowledge him (and not Quick-ſcent the Lurcher, or any other) to be the only Perſon that apprehended me. Theſe were the very words he then ſpake, as far as I can now remember. Here the Tyger would again have ſpoken, but the King commanded him to be ſilent, ſaying, I am very certain the Priſoner hath now ſpoken nothing but the very Truth; therefore get you gone, and (inſtead of Reward) hold your ſelf well contented, that I punish you not, for what you have done. So away went

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the Eager greatly ashamed; and well he might, for this base Act of his made him contemptible to all the Beasts of the Forrest. But Quick-scent the Lurcher was highly praised and honoured by the King, who himself called him Lord Quick-scent; giving command to all then present to publish his Honour to all his Subjects. To the Fox was given a Reprieve for three days, that he might the better fit himself to declare all the Transactions of his whole Life, as the King required, and he had promised he would.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Reynardine's last Speech, which discovers all the Transactions of his fore-passed Life. He is hanged and quartered, and his Quarters disposed of as pleased the King.

When the day appointed for the Fox's Execution was fully come, he was in the Forenoon taken out of the Prison, not with violence and contempt of the Multitude (as his Father had been) but only bound as Malefactors are wont to be, and very civilly led to the place designed for his Execution. For such was the Kings command, that he might (without too great perturbation of mind) disclose all the Intregues of his former Life. When the King and Nobles had placed themselves as commodiously as they could do to avoid thronging of the Multitude, the King himself spake to the Fox (standing on the Ladder erected against the Gallows, whereon he was to be Executed) saying: Reynardine I ex-

pect you will be ingenious, and according to your promise, now give us an exact and true (tho brief) Account of the Transactions of your whole Life, that in after times, when your History shall be read or related to others, they may take Example by your Misdemeanours. I know you cannot but be guilty of many hainous Crimes, therefore I expect a free, true, and candid Confession from you, wherein I hope you will not deceive my expectation. To this the Fox said, Dread Soveraign, I will conceal nothing of all I have done, or can remember I have done worthy of blame, reprehension or punishment, from the time of my Fathers Treason, unto this day. Reynardine, said the King, you speak well; if you do as you say, I also will keep my word, and you shall die with Mercy, not with any the least Torment; if otherwise you intend to baulk us, take what follows. By these words of the King, the Fox well understood it would be in vain for him to hope by Lying, to reap any profit. Therefore sincerely, and without fraud or falacy, he began his Speech as follows.

I *Reynardine*, the only Son (surviving) of *Reynard* the Fox, quondam Traitor, am here now (as I justly deserve) ready to be Executed, for Crimes indeed (long before this) deserving death. For altho of my Fathers Treason I knew nothing, before the Morning, in which he returned with about Four hundred Souldiers to his Castle of *Malepardus*; yet that very Morning, when he sent my Brother *Volpus* and my self away with his Treasure into the Province of *Longwood*, he told us that those two perfidious Lords (as he called them) *Slylook* the Panther, and *Firrapel* the Libbard, had

had betrayed him; therefore commanded us to Proſecute them with perpetual hatred, till we had ruined them both. This fatal Command hath been by me fatally Executed, as in order I purpoſe moſt truly to declare. As touching the Treaſure, which was bound up in ten Packs, that we devided equally, after we had (as our Father commanded) killed the Guide that conducted us into that Province. What the particulars of that Treaſure were, I never knew; nor had I ever any ſuch conference (as I feigned) with *Adramand* the Inchanter about hiding the ſame. For it was not long before we were rob'd of all by certain very potent Beaſts of that Countrey, whoſe Names I never knew. At that time my Brother, too unſeaſonably ſtriving to defend his part of the ſame Treaſure, loſt his Life. Then alſo I fled for my own ſafety, and it was my good hap to go into the Dutchy of *Manton*, where I found Entertainment in the Monaſtery, and was afterward admitted a Member of that ſociety; but being enjoyned Penance for my Thefts there committed, I unhappily ran away with my Religious Habit; by the benefit of which I lived very plentifully for a time; yet not without abundance of Lies, and feigned pretences of Sanctity. For I was never in all my Life truly Religious; but always ſacrificed my Honeſty to my Profit. My pretence of Religion quickly ceaſed after the loſs of my Religious Habit, and I was reduced to extream Poverty. This neceſſity forced me to adventure, naked as I was into this Kingdom, where (by advice of *Zani* the Ape) I practiſed Phyſick, as is very well known. During this Practice, I wilfully and purpoſely killed the Old Lord *Firrapel* with an *Opiate* Medicine, which cauſed him to Sleep eternally. After I was diſcovered, I again went into the Dutchy of *Manton*, and by a Mountebank's

bank's help, had my Tail and Ears cut off. Thus disfigured I hoped to have been a second time admitted into the Monastery, but was discovered and repulsed with shame. Then I hastned hither again, and by feigned Lies got admittance into the Lord *Sly-look's* service, whom I purposely poysoned, mixing the Juice of *Toads* with the Diet-drink, that was made for him by Doctor *Asino's* order. My feigned lamentation for my Lords death, occasioned your Majesty to make me one of your Purveyors. In this Office I had not long been, before I was known by *Gibbrel* the Cat; him I drew into a Snare and murdered. A while after came *Grimlook* the Mastiff, whom I (fearing he would discover me) by Policy caused to drown himself in a Well. Not long after that *Brindle* the Mastiff came also into the Forrest and so to me; but I supposing he had not known me, denied my true Name, and so put him off, that he came no more to me, nor saw I him afterward, till in your Majesties presence, where he uttered nothing touching me, that was not most true; yet to save my own Life, I denied all, and approbriously accused him, till his violent fury caused your Majesty to cast him into Prison. That Night I Poysoned him with *Arsenick* in Broath, which I my self made, and carried to him. The depredations I made upon *Chantacleer's* Kindred in *Pittwood*, were only to sustain my own Life, and not out of malice or wantonness, whatsoever may be said or thought to the contrary. And I do now here truly confess that the Inventory I gave to your Majesty of my Fathers Treasure, was all a meer Fiction, containing not one syllable of Truth; but invented only to escape the punishment I then deserved. Also all and whatsoever I pretended was taught me by *Adramand* the Inchanter, was falacious and devised. So likewise were the Circles

cſes I made, Sacrifices offered to the Gods, and pretended Viſions, all Devices invented for the ſame end; and to delude the Lurcher, now Lord *Quick-ſcent*, as accordingly I did. After this having fled (by the benefit of a great rain, which hindred his purſuing me) into the Kingdom of *Zalap*; where I well knew I could not be ſafe, without entring into the Service of ſome Inhabitant of that Countrey; I was directed to the Palace of one (Nick-named for his Prodigality) Squire *Careleſs*, with whom I dwelt almoſt three Months at my eaſe, and with Liberty enough. Here it was in the Back-yard of the Squire's Palace, that I was taken by *Witleſs* the Aſs; who (too raſhly giving credit to my feigned Speeches) not only loſt me his Priſoner, but his own Liberty ever after. For he was taken and made a Slave by a certain Woodman. Him in a few days after, I ſaw (among other Aſſes his Fellow Slaves) with a Load of Wood upon his Back in my Maſters yard; as a little before, I had ſeen the dead Body of *Grunt* the Swine, carried upon Mens Shoulders into my Maſters Kitchin. But this good Maſter of mine had made ſuch haſte to ſpend all and more than all, that he broke and ran away, leaving all his Slaves to the Cuſtody of New Maſters: by one of which I ſhould have been taken, had I not warily eſcaped by flight. Then went I to my ſecond Maſter, whoſe true Name was Thriſt; but he by reaſon of his extream Covetouſneſs, was in deriſion called *Gripe* the Miſer. With this Maſter (whoſe unſatiable Avarice, with all my Thefts, I was not able to ſatisfie) I lived ſomewhat more than four Months, until that very Night came, in which I was taken by the Lord *Quick-ſcent*; of whom again I here moſt truly ſay, that after he had taken me, he never let me go out of his reach by day or night, till Sir *Ferox* imperiouſly commanded me from him; then indeed, as I ſaid before

I had escaped, had it not been for him. Now Dread Soveraign, as I have spoken nothing but the Truth in all I have said, I hope your Majesty will command my Execution to be without Torture. To this the King, *Reynardine*, I do believe you have indeed truly declared the principal and most hainous Transactions of your Life; but it grieves me not a little, that so vile a Malefactor (as your self) should die without Torture; nevertheless for my promise sake it shall be so. Yet after death your Body shall be severed in Parts and your Head and Quarters exposed to publick view, till they perish by length of time that all that see and behold the same, may by your Ensample take warning. Having said this, he asked the Fox whether he had any thing more to say? To this the Fox answered, No, not any thing more. Then the Executioner, by the Kings Command, did his Office. After he was dead his Head was stricken off, his Entrails taken out and buried, and then his Body divided into four parts, which were set up upon Poles in the four principal places of the Forrest; but his Head was delivered to the Lord Firrapel to be set upon his Countrey Palace, to shew to all, that his Father was murthered by him, whose Head that had been. The Lord Sly-look's Dwelling was too near the Court, therefore no one of his Quarters could be placed there.

After this the King set forth a very severe Proclamation, prohibiting any of the Fox's Lineage to enter the Forrest by Day or Night; but this Proclamation was ineffectual: for no Laws, how severe soever, can debar that Family, from insinuating themselves into all Societies, as experience daily manifests.

FINIS.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM